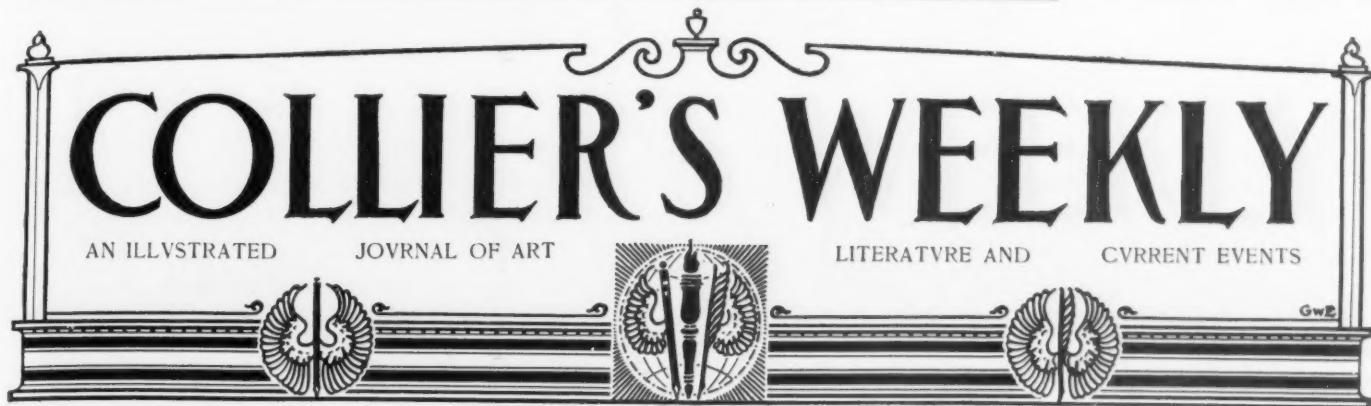


25914 Apr. 12, '99.
REMINGTON AND THE CATTLE COUNTRY—in this Number



AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK AUGUST 26 1899

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DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

ROUNDING THE STAKE BOAT

THE RACE BETWEEN "COLUMBIA" AND "DEFENDER" FOR THE ASTOR CUP, OFF NEWPORT, AUGUST 14
(See page 21)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART, LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK AUGUST TWENTY-SIXTH 1899

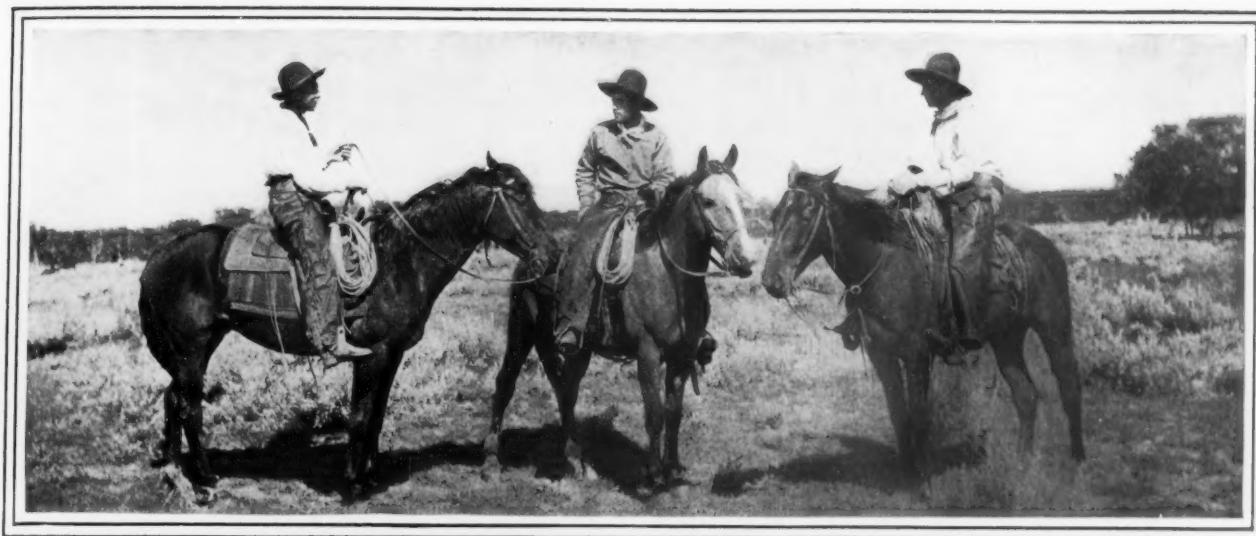
THE THREATENED SOUTH AMERICAN COALITION AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

FROM SOUTH AMERICA there have come of late repeated reports that Brazil, Argentina and Chili are contemplating the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance against this country. It seems that the sympathies of those republics were enlisted on the side of Spain during the late war, and that our conquest of her possessions in the West and in the East Indies has caused them to feel or to affect misgivings on their own account. Why should we take for granted, say the Latin Americans, that we shall be any more secure in the future against aggression and dismemberment, at the hands of the great Northern commonwealth, than Spain, our motherland, was yesterday, or than was Mexico half a century ago. It is for the purpose of taking betimes self-defensive precautions that they deem it prudent, we are told, to enter into a coalition which is avowedly aimed at the United States. Let us consider for a moment whether such a combination would be likely to do them good or harm. As regards sea-power, it is certain that our present navy is more than a match for the united maritime forces of all the South American republics. It is also certain that, for one ironclad which their combined pecuniary resources would enable them to build, we could easily build a dozen. The only possible outcome, therefore, of the threatened coalition, so long as the parties to it should refrain from seeking aid in Europe, would be to tempt them to refuse amends in cases like that which occurred under the Harrison administration, when a number of seamen belonging to our navy were murdered in the streets of Valparaiso. Could the Chilians at that time have relied on the help of the Brazilians and the Argentines, they would, undoubtedly, have been foolish enough to defy us, and the result would have been ruinous to them and their allies. Unfortunately, the tripartite coalition, which is said to be mooted, would, naturally, lead to entanglements with European powers. We cannot assume that France, on the one hand, and Germany or Italy on the other, might not be prevailed upon to support such a South American combination against the United States. There is nothing which those powers more desire than to do away with the Monroe doctrine, which has been, thus far, interposed like an *egis* between Latin America and the earth-hunger of Europe. We could scarcely, in our rôle of protector, insist upon enforcing the Monroe doctrine, when our protégés repudiated it by proclaiming a preference for European support. No doubt, France, Germany and Italy would exact a high price for the assistance promised to the South American communities. It is well known that the French Republic desires to extend the bounds of Cayenne, or French Guiana, to the mouth of the Amazon, and thus control

that vast waterway. It is equally notorious that Germany covets the huge Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul, which already is largely settled by Germans. For a like reason, Italy would like to annex Argentina, where Italians already form a large element of the population. For the aid, in other words, which the shortsighted Latin commonwealths might seek in Europe, they would be unable to pay in money, and they would, therefore, be forced to pay in land and liberty. Nothing stands between South America and the partitionment, which already has befallen Africa and to which Eastern Asia is doomed, except the promise of protection against European aggression given by the United States, and embodied in the Monroe doctrine.

WILL THERE BE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA?

THE REFERENCE to the South African situation in the Queen's speech proroguing Parliament, interpreted as this must be by Mr. Chamberlain's more explicit declarations, indicates that the Transvaal Government will have to make forthwith liberal concessions to the Outlanders, or face the risks of a war with England. All that President Krüger has thus far consented to do is to reduce to seven years the period required for naturalization and to increase slightly the number of seats allotted to the Rand in the Volksraad, or Lower House of the Transvaal Parliament. These concessions are regarded in Johannesburg as derisory, and Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary for the Colonies, has declined to accept them until a conference, in which Great Britain and the Transvaal would be equally represented, should report on their political significance. President Krüger, on his part, has refused to assent to such a conference, unless it shall be empowered, also, to define the limits of the suzerainty asserted by Great Britain. As this proposal is deemed entirely inadmissible by the Colonial Office, an early recourse to war seems probable, and the question arises, What will be the outcome thereof? In the first place, it should be noted that the Transvaal Government can now expect no material or even moral support from foreign powers. From this point of view, there has been a signal change within the last five years. At the time of the Jameson Raid, the South African Republic had the sympathy, not only of the United States, but also of the German Empire. It has lost both American and German goodwill by its persistent refusal to redress the notorious grievances of the Outlanders. It follows that, in a contest with Great Britain, it must depend exclusively upon its own resources. By a muster of all its able-bodied burghers, the Transvaal should be able to place in the field about 17,000 men, most of whom are excellent marksmen. Their rifles are of the highest grade, but, although they are not deficient in improved artillery, they have had but little practice in serving the guns. So far as their experience goes, they are better fitted for guerilla warfare than for military operations on an extended scale. That they will derive any considerable armed assistance from the Orange Free State, or from the Dutch section of the population of Cape Colony, is extremely doubtful, and it would be dangerous to use the power to conscript the Outlanders just given to President Krüger by an amendment to the Constitution. It is unlikely that, if arms were placed in the hands of the Outlanders, they would be used against their British friends. We may assume, then, that the Transvaal will have to rely almost exclusively upon its own burghers of military age, the maximum number of which we have just stated. On the other hand, it is certain that Great Britain will not repeat the mistake committed in 1885, and attempt the coercion of the Transvaal with an inadequate force. It is understood that the moment hostilities are resolved upon, a whole army corps, comprising some 25,000 men, will be sent to the Cape from England, and an equal number of troops, drawn from the Anglo-Indian army, will be despatched from Bombay to Natal. If to these be added the regiments already in South Africa, the British commander would have at his disposal more than 60,000 disciplined soldiers. All that such a force would require, in order quickly to coerce the Transvaal, would be a competent general. No mistake in this respect will be made. It is asserted, and generally believed, that the post of commander-in-chief in South Africa will be filled either by General Lord Wolseley himself, or by General Lord Roberts, or by General Lord Kitchener. Either the conqueror of Afghanistan or the conqueror of the Khalifa would be likely to make short work of the Boers. The chances are that, within six months after such a general took the field, the South African Republic would cease to exist, and the Boers would become once more what they used to be, subjects of the British Crown.



"COW-PUNCHERS" READY FOR DUTY

LIFE IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

ACCOMPANIED BY THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF DRAWINGS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, ILLUSTRATING SCENES OF WESTERN LIFE—(See double page)



THE "CATTLE COUNTRY" of the West comprises the semi-arid belt lying between the Rocky Mountains and the arable lands of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, and extending from Mexico to British America. The name has been given it not because there are more cattle there than elsewhere, but because the land in its present condition is fit for little or nothing but stock raising. One who for the first time traverses the territory known abroad for its cattle, naturally expects to find the broad plains dotted with browsing herds standing knee-deep in lush pasturage; but, in fact, if he travels in the summer season, he sees the brown earth showing through a sparse covering of herbage equally brown, while he may go many miles before he comes upon a straggling bunch of gaunt, long-horned steers picking gingerly at the dry vegetation. In the humid farming regions, where corn and tame grasses can be grown for feeding, the amount of land necessary for the support of a cow is small; but upon the great plains, which lie desolate and practically dead for half the year, the conservative stockman finds it necessary to allow twenty or thirty acres for each head of his herd. No grain is raised there, and none is fed save in great emergency; the only food for the cattle is the wild grass native to the plains. This grass makes its growth in the spring; and when the rains of spring cease it is cured where it stands by the glowing sunlight. This natural hay is scant at the best, and gives little promise to the unpracticed eye; but it is in fact very nutritious, and range cattle will thrive and fatten upon it. Every aspect of the plains suggests the necessity for avoiding the danger of overstocking; the allowance of twenty-five acres for each animal is not extravagant.

For a long time the cattle country of the Northwest was a mere stretch of wild land, wholly unbroken by fences; then the herds ranged freely under semi-occasional oversight from their owners. In that time the "cow-boy" of song and story was in his element. A gradual change has come over that old-time freedom; for where once the land was the property of the Federal government, and open to all who chose to make legitimate use of it, of late years the owners of the herds—the "cattle kings"—have acquired title to their lands, and the individual ranch has taken the place of Nature's range. Railway lines have multiplied; and with individual ownership of land has come the wire fence to mark the bounds of each man's possessions. To the wire fence more than to any other cause is due the passing of the traditional "cow-boy." Of course the fencing of the ranges is not yet universal; but every year sees a nearer approach to that end.

In former time the "round-up" was of much more importance than it is to-day; for with nothing to hinder, the cattle belonging to many owners would mix and mingle intimately, and the process of rounding up was the only method of separating them and establishing ownership. It is altogether likely the people of the next generation will see nothing of this picturesque and interesting activity.

In the cattle lands of the North, the work of rounding up begins so soon as spring is well established. During the winter the herds have been suffered to range freely, and in hard winters will often be found to have drifted far from home. The spring round-up in Nebraska and Dakota begins late in April or in May, and has for its purpose the assembling of the herds which belong to the several ranches of a neighborhood, the separation of each man's cattle from the mass, the branding of calves, etc., and the return of each herd to its own range, where the beef animals are to be put in condition for market, pending the sum-

mer and fall round-up. Cattle growers' associations have been formed in the Western States, and when the season opens each association designates the times when the several ranches within its jurisdiction shall round up their cattle, and these times are sought to be so arranged that when the first round-up is completed, say in District No. 1, District No. 2, which lies adjoining, will take up the work where No. 1 left off, and No. 3 will follow No. 2 in like manner; and in this way the round-up in the entire State consists not so much of a broken series of drives as of one long drive, with the result that practically every head of stock is discovered, identified and claimed by its owner.

Once the date is fixed for the round-up in a given district, the semi-quiescence of the winter gives instant place to hurry, bustle and strenuous activity. The "cow-ponies" which are to be ridden by the men have been upon the range through the winter, and these must be gathered up and put in condition for riding—often a task of no small difficulty, for after their winter's freedom they are not infrequently so wild as to require to be broken anew to the saddle. But, as Kipling is so fond of saying, that is another story.

The "riders" of the round-up—the men upon whom devolves the actual labor of handling the cattle—rely very greatly upon their saddle ponies. These must necessarily be trained to the work which they are to perform, and know not only the ways of men, but also the more erratic ways of the light-headed steers and cows. Ponies untrained to their duties would make endless trouble, to say nothing of greatly endangering the lives of the men. Each rider takes with him upon the round-up his own "string," consisting of ten or a dozen ponies, which are to be used in turn, so as to insure having a fresh, strong animal in instant readiness for the emergencies which are always arising, but which can never be foretold. Cow-ponies are sold entirely trustworthy in the matter of habits and temper; but they are stout-hearted, sure-footed little beasts, who know how to keep faith in the crises of driving and "cutting out."

Besides the personal equipment of each man, the ranch sends with the party a general outfit, the principal item of which is a strong and heavy four-horse wagon, carrying bedding, food, cooking utensils, etc., and with this wagon is the man in the hollow of whose skilful hand lies the comfort and welfare of every man on the round-up—that is to say, the camp cook. Nowhere is a good cook more appreciated than in those waste places of the West. The bill of fare for the party on round-up duty is not of very great variety; the inevitable beans, salt pork, canned goods, bread and coffee make the sum total of what the men may expect to eat.

It is of great importance that this food should be well and palatably cooked; and quite independent of his practical skill, it is always possible for the genius presiding over frying-pan and coffee-pot to make life endurable for men situated as these are. Each ranch which takes part in the round-up sends such an outfit with the men who are delegated to represent it and look after its interests, so that when the camp is pitched upon the plains it presents a very bustling and business-like appearance.

The round-up is under the direct charge of one man, known as the captain, who is sometimes selected by the association at the time of appointing the meeting, and is sometimes chosen by the ranchmen themselves when the party assembles for its work. For the time being the authority of the captain is as nearly absolute as one man's authority can be over American citizens. Violations of his orders are punishable in most cases by the assessment of arbitrary fines; but recourse is not often had to this penalty, for as a rule the men know what is expected of them, and take keen pride in doing their work well. The captain has a lieutenant chosen from the representatives of each ranch taking part in

the round-up. Thus officered the force of men is ready for its work.

At the appointed time the delegates from the several ranches come straggling to the place of meeting. There is usually some delay in beginning the work, and while the captain and his aids are planning the details, the riders are wont to engage in a variety of activities, some serious, some designed for amusement—breaking unruly ponies, racing, trading, card-playing, and whatever occurs by way of passing the time. This is all put aside, however, when work actually begins; for the round-up is earnest.

With the opening of spring, when the snows have disappeared from the plains, the cattle will naturally have sought the grazing lands in the neighborhood of the water-courses; therefore, as a rule, the line travelled by the round-up lies along the valley of a small stream, extending back so far as may be necessary upon either hand.

The men are awakened in the morning long before daylight. They have probably slept on the ground, rolled in blankets and with saddles or boots for pillows. Toilets are hurriedly made, for tardiness is not tolerated. The camp breakfast is gulped down in the dark, and every man must be instantly ready to mount when the summons comes. A force of twenty or thirty men is chosen for the day's riding, and this force is divided into two parties, one of which is to cover the territory to the right and the other to the left of the line of the riders' march. For the most part, the land which borders the streams of the far Northwest is broken, rocky and rugged, and to ride a horse over it is certainly not a pleasure trip, to say nothing of the necessity for looking out sharply for straggling bunches of cattle, gathering them up and driving them forward; for range cattle are wild as deer and perverse as swine.

So soon as possible the night's camp is struck and the wagons move forward for five miles or so, where the riders are to assemble after the morning's work. The two parties of riders then strike off in opposite directions, those in each party gradually drawing further and further apart, until the dozen men form a line ten or fifteen miles in length, extending from the site of the night's camp back to the foothills bordering the stream; and then this line, with its members a mile or so apart, moves forward in the direction of the new camp, searching every nook and cranny among the rocks and hills for wandering bunches of grazing cattle. These must be assembled and driven to camp. The man on the inner end of the line keeps close to the stream, riding straight forward, while he at the other end will have to ride for perhaps thirty or forty miles, making a long circling sweep to the hills and then back to the stream. This ride is hard and often perilous, for the land is much broken and cut up by ravines and precipitous "buttes." The half-wild cattle will climb everywhere, and wherever they go the ponies must follow. It may be that in the course of the morning's drive the riders will gather many hundreds or perhaps thousands of cattle; or it is possible that no more than a score or two will be found. At any rate, the drive is carried forward with the intention of reaching camp about midday. Dinner is eaten with a ravenous appetite, but with scant ceremony, and there is no allowance of time for an after-dinner nap, for the herd gathered in the morning must be sorted over and the animals given to their several owners. This is the most trying work of the round-up. It requires clean, strong courage to ride a pony of uncertain temper into the heart of a herd of several hundred or thousand wild cattle which are wrought up, as these are, to a pitch of high nervous excitement; but there is no other recourse.

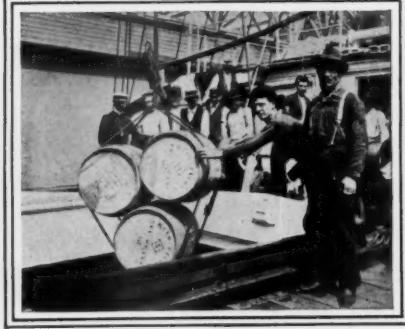
Each ranch has its individual mark or brand, which is put upon its animals—sometimes a letter or combination of letters, and sometimes a geometrical figure. (Continued on page 8)



THE U. S. TRANSPORT "MCPHERSON"
LOADING SUPPLIES AT BROOKLYN



THE PALACE AT SAN JUAN



LOADING BEANS FOR PUERTO RICO IN-
TO THE HOLD OF THE "MCPHERSON"

THE WEST INDIAN HURRICANE

THE FIRST INKLING of approaching disaster to the West Indies came when the barometer suddenly began to fall at certain signal stations, notably on the islands of Dominica, St. Kitts and Barbados.

On August 7 the Federal Weather Bureau at Washington received reports of a storm east of the island of Dominica. Immediately the authorities at Washington sent warnings to the government stations at the eastern end of Cuba and in Puerto Rico, and telegraphic orders were issued to the commanders of all naval vessels in West Indian waters to make for points of safety. Accordingly, the *Muchias* and *New Orleans*, ordered to Santo Domingo immediately after the assassination of President Heureaux, steamed out of Santo Domingo Harbor to seek the shelter of Cape Pedro de Macoris, while the *Vincent* at Bluefields, and the *Potomac* at Cape Maysi, made haste to get out of the track of the oncoming storm.

That same day the hurricane swept over the islands of Dominica, Nevis, Guadeloupe, Montserrat, Antigua,

washed away, and all the rain cisterns were filled with salt water. The government commissary stores were utterly destroyed. As a result the stricken inhabitants were left without food or water. Toward evening all of the water front was under five feet of water. The city of Ponce was flooded after nightfall, and some six hundred people, with many children, as well as horses and cattle, were drowned like rats in the dark, all electric lights and gas pipes having been swept away by the fury of the storm. The soldiers of the American garrison and the local firemen worked all night, trying first to save their own barracks and fire station, and later, as things went from bad to worse, devoting all their efforts to save the lives of the countless persons swept away by the rushing waters of the overflowing rivers. Here, too, the commissary and quartermaster's stores were flooded, and the food supplies contained in them utterly destroyed. The refrigerating plant was wrecked, and the beef supplies soon spoiled. The stench from the spoiling meat and countless dead bodies and carcasses of drowned animals

blotted out.

In Arecibo, on the north coast, forty-five miles west of San Juan, more than two hundred were drowned in the city itself, among whom were some of the most prominent residents of the town, and over a thousand were reported to have perished in the immediate vicinity. The steamship *Vasco*, reported off Arecibo, was wrecked during the hurricane.

In the Mayaguez district, on the southwest coast, and all along the river bottoms running from the mountains to the sea, death and destruction followed on the rapid rise of the mountain torrents. Thousands of cattle and horses were drowned in the valleys, and all coffee and tobacco crops were utterly ruined.

On the morning after the hurricane the American officers commanding in the various districts immediately despatched mounted couriers to General Davis, at San Juan de Puerto Rico, with first reports of the extent of the disaster in their localities. One of these couriers, Trooper Schoenberg of the Fifth Cavalry, who started from Humacao while the hurricane was still raging, to make a request for assistance, arrived in San



THE MARKET-PLACE IN CAYEY



NAVY YARD CHAPEL, SAN JUAN



THE GOVERNMENT WHARF, PONCE

Tortola, St. Kitts, St. Croix, and St. Thomas. From Puerto Plata, in Hayti, and Turk's Island, off Jamaica, likewise came reports of a hurricane in full blast. At Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe, every house was wrecked, including the substantial building of the American consulate. At St. Kitts two hundred small houses were swept away and several estates inundated. On the island of St. Croix, which suffered so severely at the time of the great tidal wave that left the United States cruiser *Monongahela* stranded high and dry on the market-place of Port Fredericksburg, all the great estates had their cane crops and sugar mills laid low by the hurricane. It was only a question of hours when the storm would strike Puerto Rico, the purple mountain ranges of which can be seen looming up across the blue Caribbean Sea to northward.

Next morning, shortly before seven o'clock, the hurricane struck Ponce. Playa, the port of Ponce, a town of five thousand inhabitants, was completely destroyed, and over five hundred people were drowned. Fifteen vessels in the harbor were driven ashore. The bridge connecting Playa with Ponce and the mainland

baking under the hot sun became so insufferable during the succeeding days that the flood panic of the night before was followed by more serious apprehensions of famine, thirst and plague.

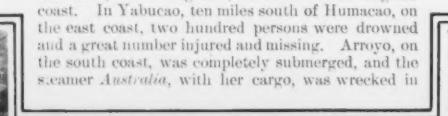
Other towns on the southern coast of the island suffered similar disaster. Yauco, west of Ponce, was destroyed, with great loss of life, together with its port, Guanica, Tallaboa and Guayanilla, on the line of railway connecting Ponce and Yauco, were wiped out. At Humacao, the chief town on the eastern coast of the island, only two church spires were left standing, and six thousand people were left homeless. Several hundred bodies of drowned persons were later found in the ruins. Not a dwelling was spared in Las Piedras and Yuncos, on the main road inland from Humacao, nor in Naguabo, five miles north along the coast. In Yabucoa, ten miles south of Humacao, on the east coast, two hundred persons were drowned and a great number injured and missing. Arroyo, on the south coast, was completely submerged, and the steamer *Australia*, with her cargo, was wrecked in

Juan in a terribly exhausted condition, having ridden forty-five miles in the night over flooded roads and submerged or demolished bridges. He reported that seven of his comrades had been more or less badly injured at Humacao, and that twenty-six soldiers were reported missing at Arroyo.

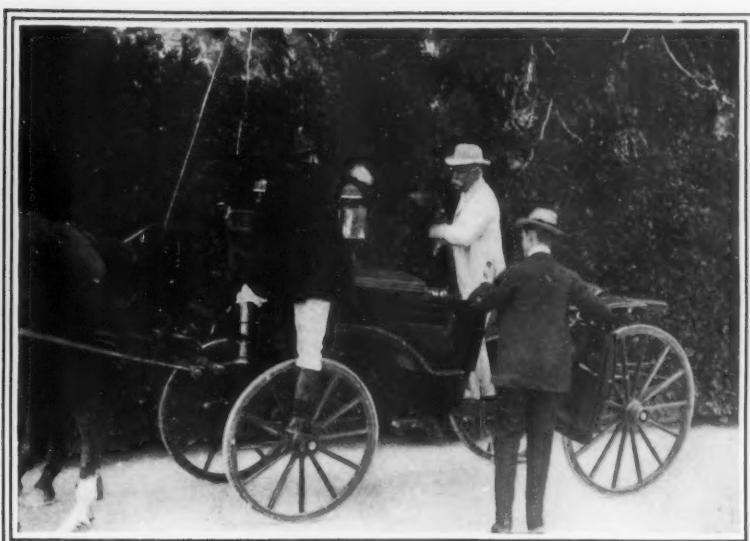
Governor-General Davis, in view of this serious situation, lost no time in invoking aid from the United States. Secretary Root, in this emergency, proved himself to be the man of prompt action and efficiency that he was expected to be.

Two days after the receipt of General Davis's appeal the transport *McPherson* sailed from New York laden with government supplies and an assortment of foods, grains and money contributions that had poured in from public-spirited citizens in New York, Boston and Philadelphia as a first response to Secretary Root's request for aid. She carried 1,200,000 pounds of rice and beans, 100,000 feet of lumber, 200,000 pounds of hay, and 18,000 bushels of oats.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



AGUADILLA, WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED, DESTROYED BY THE HURRICANE



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND SECRETARY CAULDWELL INSPECTING THE GROUNDS AT MIRAMAR, FORMERLY THE COUNTRY SEAT OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, AND ONE OF THE "SHOW PLACES" OF EUROPE



ADMIRAL DEWEY STEPPING INTO HIS STEAM LAUNCH TO GO ABOARD THE "OLYMPIA"

ADMIRAL DEWEY TAKES A STROLL ON THE QUAY



THE FUNERAL CORTEGE CONVEYING THE REMAINS OF SEAMAN RASP OF THE "OLYMPIA" TO THE GERMAN LUTHERAN CEMETERY



THE MARINE GUARD OF HONOR AND THE SAILORS WHO ACTED AS PALLBEARERS OF SEAMAN RASP

ROUND TRIESTE WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM FREDERICK PALMER, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT—(See page 20)



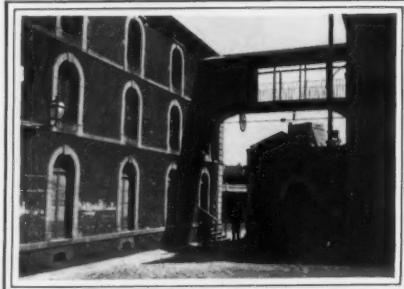
A GREAT FRENCH MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT—A VIEW OF THE MILITARY PORT AT BREST, THE CHIEF STATION OF THE FRENCH MARINE AND ONE OF THE FIRST MILITARY AND NAVAL PORTS IN EUROPE. THE WARSHIP COMING OUT, IN TOW, THROUGH THE SWING-BRIDGE, IS THE TURRETED BATTLESHIP "HOCHE"

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

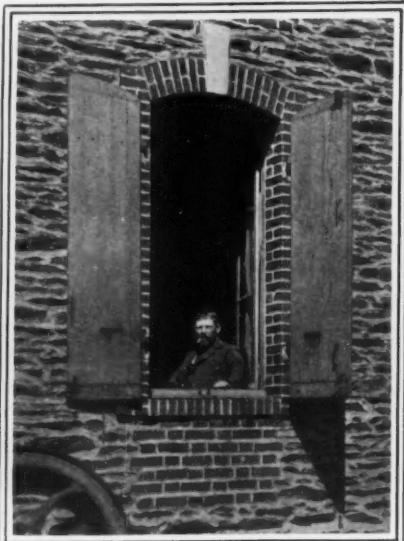
For the past six weeks Alfred Dreyfus must have been the most astonished man on earth. Without understanding how or why, he suddenly found himself the centre of interest of the whole civilized world. Men whom he revered were his enemies; his most enthusiastic champions were men whom he hardly knew. He also found his case so complicated, so far-reaching in its ramifications, that, as a French correspondent wittily remarked, it would not be surprising if, after a time, he should himself become anti-Dreyfusard. The trial has brought out one fact worth noting: of all modern heroes, Dreyfus is personally the least romantic. He apparently has no magnetism whatever; his lawyers were actually afraid that his looks and bearing would prejudice his case. They probably did injure him at his first trial.

There is a special feature of the Dreyfus affair that enrages the French—foreign interference, which they narrow down to English interference. We have tried to put our oar in ourselves, but they don't bother much about us. In their eyes, we are the English all over again, with only slight differences of manner, and a little less comic. But those beasts of English! There they are, next door, on the opposite side of the little Channel. In the past few months the natural hatred of the French for the English has broken into outbursts of fury. Meanwhile, watch the bowing and scraping that is going on between France and Germany. When France has another war, will it be with Germany, or England, or with herself? It won't be with herself, for she is too apprehensive of danger from without to let her house be divided. And we know how pleasant William can be when he tries, and lately he has been trying hard whenever his face has been turned toward Paris. And how strange it is that just at this time we should be clapped on the shoulder by England and greeted as the long-lost brother, and should hear whispers in the air and read bogus interviews with great personages warning us that Germany is not our friend. It's all very strange. It brings us up against this apparently absurd question: Is the Dreyfus affair going to change the relations of four great powers of the world?

We have lately had an interesting visitor. His name is Dr. Stanton Coit, and he is best known among the boys who live in the East Side of New York. Dr. Coit is an American, a Westerner, and a graduate of Amherst College, and he received his doctor's degree from the University of Berlin. A dozen years



THE DREYFUS COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES. THE "BRIDGE OF SIGHES" IN THE PRISON, OVER WHICH DREYFUS PASSES ON HIS WAY TO THE TRIAL COURT



MAITRE LABORI, DREYFUS'S COUNSEL, WHO WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY ANTI-DREYFUSARDS

ago he founded the settlement in New York known as the Neighborhood Guild. He also identified himself with Felix Adler's Ethical Society. By uniting with Adler he cast his lot with those people who believe in religion without dogma, and by forming the Guild he began his efforts to better the physical and spiritual condition of the poor. Five years ago, after successfully establishing the Guild, he had an offer to go on with his ethical work in England, where the field was larger. So he went to England, and he has lived there ever since. But he retains his interest in the work in this country, as he testifies by his visits. He has just come back from a trip through the West, where he was so impressed by the discontented condition of the workingmen that he resolved to found a new organization, both political and social, for their benefit. For this purpose he will come back here in the autumn. It will be worth while to watch Dr. Coit. He is the kind of man who doesn't merely say he is going to do something; he does it. Charity itself is a great paradox; it not only begins at home, it generally ends there. Our philanthropic societies do one great service—they enable the poor to enlighten the rich.

The French have a way of bungling their affairs; but they also know how to provide for an emergency. Since the Franco-Prussian war they have been continually providing for emergencies. We all know what they have been doing with their army; in fact, we've been wondering lately what the army was going to do with them. There's a moral here, of course, which might be beautifully illustrated by a familiar fable. In this instance, however, the emergency has been gloriously met by General Gallifet. If France had not her Gallifet and a few other stanch patriots, she might not at this moment have her republic, or even her Dreyfus. Lately we have been hearing so much about her army that we are in danger of forgetting that she has a navy, too. That is, we should be, if the Emperor William had not jogged our memories the other day. The joke of the emperor's flattery is that they were all deserved. While apparently absorbed with her internal defences, France has been steadily building up her service on the sea. Consequently, among the European powers her navy is now second only to England's. Look at the picture of the French naval station at Brest that adorns this page, if you want to see what kind of ships France is sending out. And don't make the mistake of thinking that they are the wretchedly-equipped caricatures of modern warships that sailed from Spain last year to teach us our manners. The French soldiers and sailors are ridiculed for their boyish looks, due to their under-size, and for their sufferings from homesickness; but when it comes down to actual fighting, for all that may be said about Sedan, you can count on them.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SKEEN, COLOMBO, CEYLON

CAPTAIN LAMBERTON

CAPTAIN LAMBERTON AND THE OFFICERS OF DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE "OLYMPIA"; PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOMBO HARBOR, JUNE 28, DURING THE ADMIRAL'S VISIT TO THE PORT ON HIS HOMEWARD VOYAGE THROUGH THE INDIAN OCEAN

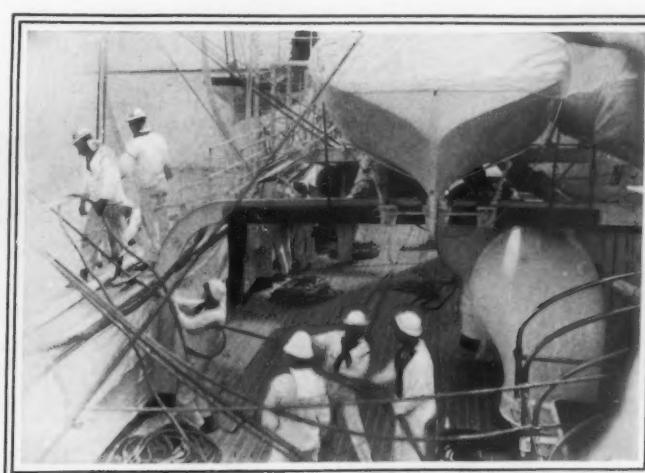
Here's a feather in the cap of Miss Mary E. Wilkins. But, of course, Miss Wilkins doesn't wear feathers. Let the metaphor stand, however. A report comes straight from Oxford, brought over, in fact, by an American student there, that the Oxford men who are devoting themselves to studies in English literature have been advised to follow Miss Wilkins as a model of English style! Randolph, Mass., Miss Wilkins's home, will take this as a compliment to itself. We are all proud of the New England authoress, because she writes stories that, as some one remarked the other day, are like live coals; but we never knew before that style was her strong point. To any aspiring *littérateurs* who may happen to read this paragraph the following authentic story may, under the circumstances, offer timely encouragement: A short time after Miss Wilkins achieved her first great success, she was approached by her friend, Miss Gertrude Smith, who had also received some encouragement as a writer of short stories. "I think I could do all right," said Miss Smith, "if I only knew how to punctuate. How in the world do you manage that, Mary?" Miss Wilkins considered the matter for a moment, then she replied: "Well, I start out and I go on till I come to a stop. Then I make a period, and then I just begin all over again." The students of Oxford might try this method.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington has been persuaded to give some advice to young men on the way to succeed in life. As in most cases of this kind, the suggestions usually take the form of examples drawn from the great man's own career. "In regard to myself," says Mr. Huntington, "I live within my means." As Mr. Huntington's means run into seven figures, this achievement will perhaps not strike most of us as being so remarkable as it appears to Mr. Huntington himself. If we had his chance we might do almost as well. Still it is notoriously true, as any butcher or baker or dressmaker to the rich will tell you, that those who can best afford to pay their bills are usually the slowest; from which we may infer that they don't do as Mr. Huntington does. "There is another principle that must be obeyed," says Mr. Huntington, "business before pleasure. There was to be an important meeting here to-night; but one of the gentlemen said he could not attend because he had to go to an entertainment with his wife." What lesson is to be drawn from this episode? Never let your wife's enjoyment interfere with your business affairs, of course. Altogether, Mr. Huntington does not appear to have a

very high opinion of women. In referring to "false pride" as an obstacle to success, he exclaims: "Why, I know young men in New York City who would not carry a trunk along Fifth Avenue if you should give them all the frontage they could pass, simply because they'd be afraid they'd meet some girl they knew." Mr. Huntington does not realize what a serious reflection he has made on the New York girl. The young men he has in mind are, of course, the very men who sent recruits to the Rough Riders last year, and who proved that they could handle a rifle as deftly as they could flit a fan, and could lie in the ditches as complacently all night as in the arms of an easy-chair at the club. And yet these very men would not dare to carry a trunk along Fifth Avenue! Mr. Huntington's most important utterance relates to college education. "Certain classes of young men make a mistake in going to college. They lose the most receptive and important part of their lives—from seventeen to twenty-one—in filling themselves with knowledge of other men's deeds that can be of no practical use to the commercial world." Think of that! The most receptive and important part of their lives wasted in studying matters that have nothing to do with commerce, that merely broaden their minds and teach them that there are other things worth living for besides accumulating money and getting the advantage of their neighbors! Mr. Huntington's philosophy is summed up in these complacent words: "I never wanted anything that I needed; I always got it." Have you ever thought of the happiness that comes through ignorance of what one has missed?

A New York man has discovered a new way of passing his holidays. He takes rides in trolley cars. This doesn't mean that he indulges in little aimless trips; on the contrary, he affects long journeys. His latest journey was from New York to Boston, all by trolley, and, at this moment, he is whirling peacefully along between Boston and Nashua, N. H. He intends to go as far North as he can by trolley. He has knocked about a good deal in Europe; but he says he never enjoyed himself so much in his life as he is now doing. The moral of this harmless enterprise, if it has a moral, is that we are fast approaching the time when it will be possible to go by trolley from one end of the country to another. But who in the world would want to?

The condition of the theatre in this country is bad enough; but no advantage can be gained by making it seem worse than it really is. This is what Mr. Robert Stodart, whoever he may be, has lately been doing in the pages of the New York "Independent." By appearing in a religious paper, the article appeals to the very people who know least about theatrical conditions and are most prejudiced against them. There is no excuse, for example, for so unjust an insinuation as is contained in this statement: "The combination, trust, syndicate—call it what you will—which is engaged in wholesale theatrical amusement in this city and elsewhere, has a very strong influence with the majority of the metropolitan newspapers of large circulation, the exact nature of this influence being thoroughly understood by those who are 'in the know' theatrically; and, if only it be proffered by the men in whose interests they are working, no indecency is so gross, no vileness so glaring, but the vest-pocket critics will praise it." The chief accusation is absurdly exaggerated, and the implied charge of dishonesty could not possibly be supported with proof. People who know nothing about the theatre like to imagine all kinds of romances about it; among others, that the dramatic critics are constantly subjected to bribery of one kind or another from managers. That some of our papers exploit indecent plays is true, but it is not true of the best of our papers. For years Mr. William Winter has fought valiantly against the influence of the French drama in this country, and he has been supported by at least three able critics on important journals: by Mr. E. R. Towe in the "Evening Post," Mr. E. A. Dittmar in the "Times," and by Mr. Norman Hapgood in the "Commercial Advertiser."



HAULING IN THE BOATS OF DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, THE "OLYMPIA," JUST BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE CRUISER FROM NAPLES



ASSEMBLING THE HERD

LIFE IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 3)

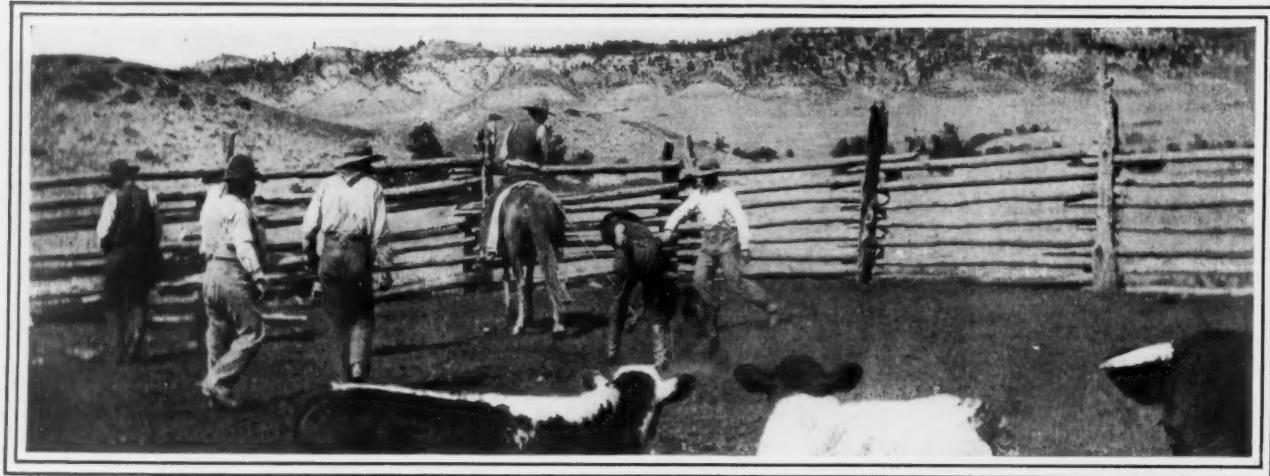
The brands are protected by State law, somewhat after the fashion of a copyright, and each is the absolute property of the ranch which uses it. The ranches are commonly known among the cattlemen of the neighborhood by the name of the brand which they use—as "Circle-Bar Ranch," "Lazy L Ranch," etc. A lazy L is an L lying upon its side. In the work of "cutting out," a delegate from a ranch rides into the herd gathered in the morning, singles out one at a time those cattle bearing his ranch's brand, and slowly urges them to the edge of the mass, where they are taken in charge by other riders and kept together in a bunch. Great vigilance is necessary in holding out these separated bunches, for they are constantly striving to return to the main herd. The ponies used in cutting out must be the best, thoroughly broken to the work, and wise as serpents; for in case of some maddened cow or steer forming a sudden disposition to charge, the life of the rider often depends upon the willingness and cool adroitness of his pony in getting out of the way.

Once the herd is apportioned to its owners, there remains the labor of branding. Calves with their mothers are easily identified; but there will always be found some mature animals which have escaped the branding-iron in former round-ups, and which are known as mavericks. It may be imagined that the burning of a brand upon the shoulder, flank or side of

a lusty two-year-old bull is fraught with considerable excitement. To do this, it is first necessary that the animal be "roped," or lariated, and thrown down. The skill of men trained to handle the rope is really admirable, and it may be remarked in passing that an expert roper is always in demand. The wildly excited steer or bull will be in full flight over the prairie, diving, dodging, plunging this way and that to escape from the inevitable noose swinging over the head of the shrill-yelling rider in pursuit. The greatest skill lies in throwing the noose so that it will settle upon the ground in such wise as to catch the fore or hind legs of the galloping beast; this is the pride of the adept roper. To throw the noose over the head or horns is a trick held in slight esteem. When the noose has settled to its place, the rider gives to his pony a well-understood signal, and the willing beast settles himself for the shock to come when the captive brings up at the end of the taut rope. The pony goes back upon his haunches, the man takes a few turns with the rope around the high horn of his saddle; then with a jerk and a jar the helpless victim throws a furious summertime, and after that there is nothing for it but to submit to fate. A second rider throws his lariat over the other pair of struggling legs, and with the brute thus pinioned the hot branding-iron is set against his side. Where the iron has touched, the hair may grow no more; or if it grows, it will be so discolored as to leave the brand easily recognizable. When the ropes are loosened the fun is fast; for the infuriated animal seeks vengeance, and will charge blindly at any moving thing within sight. The branding of calves is not child's play,

but it is tame as compared with the work upon grown animals.

The work of branding concludes the most serious business of the day, save that the herd requires constant watching throughout the twenty-four hours. When night has fallen and the herd has lain down, riders are detailed to circle continually about to guard against the ever-present danger of a stampede. In the night, cattle will take fright upon very slight alarm, and often quite causelessly. One or two will rise bellowing, and in an instant the entire herd is upon its feet, crazed with fright and desiring nothing but flight. To break a stampede, it is necessary to head off the leaders and turn them back into the herd. If the onward rush can be checked and the herd induced to move around in a circle, the present danger is past; but it is impossible to foretell when another will occur. The rider who deliberately goes in front of a stampeding herd in the pitchy darkness of a prairie night, thoughtless of everything save his duty, must be a man of fine fibre. And indeed I must say at the last that the "cow-punchers" as a class, maligned and traduced as they have been, possess a quality of sturdy, sterling manhood which would be to the credit of men in any walk of life. The honor of the average "puncher" abides with him continually. He will not lie; he will not steal. He keeps faith with his friends; toward his enemies he bears himself like a man. He has his vices—as who has not?—but I like to speak softly of them when set against his unassailable virtues. I wish that the manhood of the cow-boy might come more into fashion further East.



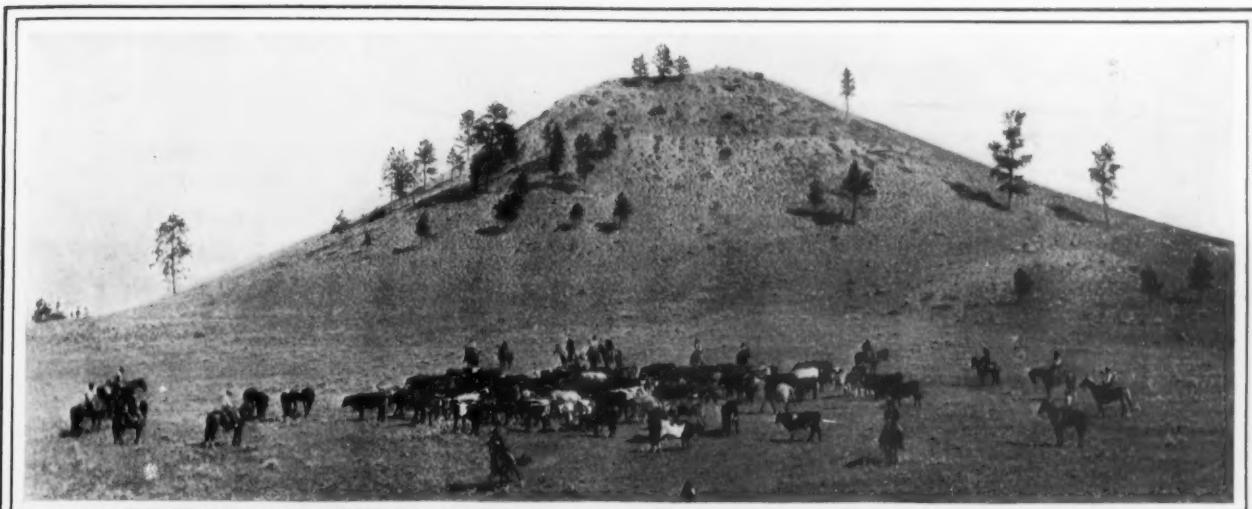
BRANDING CALVES IN A CORRAL



THE DINNER BARN ON THE "ROUND-UP"

LIFE IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

(See page 3 and double)



A HERD OF "COW PONIES"



"CINCHING" A BRONCHO



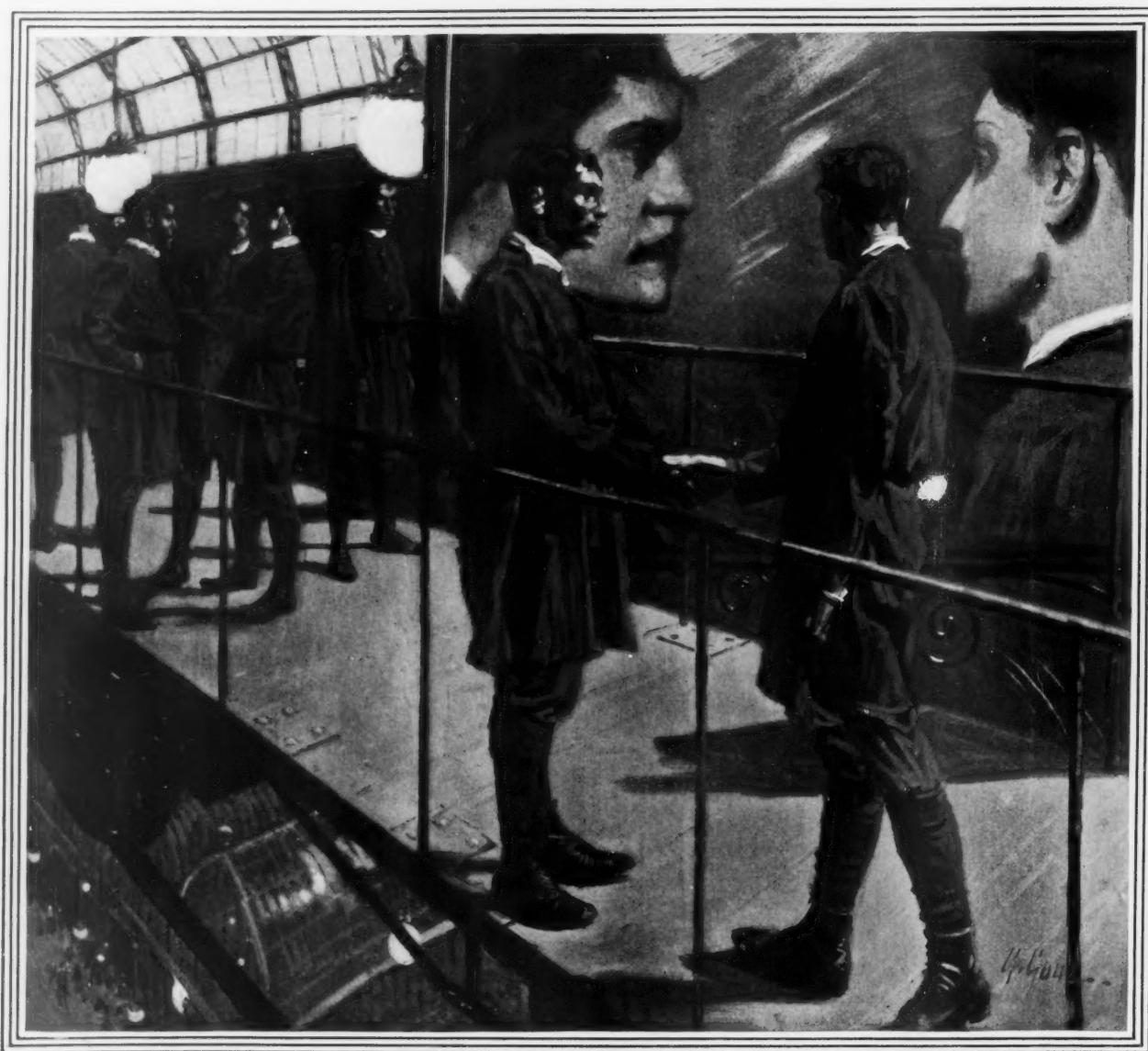
AT THE RANCH HOUSE HOME



WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

LIFE IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY

(See page 3 and double)



DRAWN BY G. GILBERT GAUL.

DENTON CAUGHT THE REFLECTION OF HIMSELF AND HIS NEW FRIEND, ENORMOUSLY TWISTED AND BROADENED

UNDERNEATH A STORY OF THE DAYS TO COME

(ANNO DOMINI 2098)

By H. G. WELLS, AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES," ETC., ETC.



NDER THE STARS one may reach upward and touch regeneration, whatever the evil thing may be, but in the heat and stress of the day's work we lapse again, come disgust and anger and intolerable moods. How little is all our magnanimity—an accident? a phase! The very Saints of old had first to flee the world. And Denton and his Elizabeth could not flee their world, no longer were there open roads to unclaimed lands where men might live freely—how ever hardly—and keep their souls in peace. The city had swallowed up mankind.

For a time these two Labor Serfs were kept at their original occupations, she at her brass stamping and Denton at his press; and then came a move for him that brought with it fresh and still bitterer experiences of life in the underways of the great city. He was transferred to the care of a rather more elaborate press in the central factory of the London Tile Trust.

In this new situation he had to work in a long vaulted room with a number of other men, for the most part born Labor Serfs. He came to this intercourse reluctantly. His upbringing had been refined, and, until his ill fortune had brought him to that costume, he had never spoken in his life, except by way of command or some immediate necessity, to the white-faced wearers of the blue canvas. Now at last came contact; he had to work beside them, share their tools, eat with them. To both Elizabeth and himself this seemed a further degradation.

His distaste would have seemed extreme to a man of the nineteenth century. But slowly and inevitably in the intervening years a gulf had opened between the wearers of the blue canvas and the classes above, a

difference not simply of circumstances and habits of life, but of habits of thought—even of language. The underways had developed a dialect of their own: above, too, had arisen a dialect, a code of thought, a language of "culture," which aimed by a sedulous search after fresh distinction to widen perpetually the space between itself and "vulgarity." The bond of a common faith, moreover, no longer held the race together. The last years of the nineteenth century were distinguished by the rapid development among the prosperous idle of esoteric perversions of the popular religion: glosses and interpretations that reduced the broad teachings of the carpenter of Nazareth to the exquisite narrowness of their lives. And, spite of their inclination toward the ancient fashion of living, neither Elizabeth nor Denton had been sufficiently original to escape the suggestion of their surroundings. In matters of common behavior they had followed the ways of their class, and so when they fell at last to be Labor Serfs it seemed to them almost as though they were falling among offensive inferior animals; they felt as a nineteenth century duke and duchess might have felt who were forced to take rooms in the Jago.

Their natural impulse was to maintain a "distance." But Denton's first idea of a dignified isolation from his new surroundings was soon rudely dispelled. He had imagined that his fall to the position of a Labor Serf was the end of his lesson, that when their little daughter had died he had plumb the depths of life; but indeed these things were only the beginning. Life demands something more from us than acquiescence. And now in a roomful of machine minders he was to learn a wider lesson, to make the acquaintance of another factor in life, a factor as elemental as the loss of things dear to us, more elemental even than toil.

His quiet discouragement of conversation was an immediate cause of offence—was interpreted, rightly

enough I fear, as disdain. His ignorance of the vulgar dialect, a thing upon which he had hitherto prided himself, suddenly took upon itself a new aspect. He failed to perceive at once that his reception of the coarse and stupid but genially intended remarks that greeted his appearance must have stung the makers of these advances like blows in their faces. "Don't understand," he said rather coldly, and at hazard. "No, thank you."

The man who had addressed him stared, scowled, and turned away.

A second, who also failed at Denton's unaccustomed ear, took the trouble to repeat his remark, and Denton discovered he was being offered the use of an oil can. He expressed polite thanks, and this second man embarked upon a penetrating conversation. Denton, he remarked, had been a swell, and he wanted to know how he had come to wear the blue. He clearly expected an interesting record of vice and extravagance. Had Denton ever been at a Pleasure City? Denton was speedily to discover how the existence of these wonderful places of delight permeated and defiled the thought and honor of these unwilling, hopeless workers of the underworld.

His aristocratic temperament resented these questions. He answered "No" curtly. The man persisted with a still more personal question, and this time it was Denton who turned away.

"Gorblimey!" said his interlocutor, much astonished. It presently forced itself upon Denton's mind that this remarkable conversation was being repeated in indignant tones to more sympathetic hearers, and that it gave rise to astonishment and ironical laughter. They looked at Denton with manifestly enhanced interest. A curious perception of isolation dawned upon him. He tried to think of his press and its unfamiliar peculiarities. . .

The machines kept everybody pretty busy during

the first spell, and then came a recess. It was only an interval for refreshment, too brief for any one to go out to a Labor Company dining-room. Denton followed his fellow-workers into a short gallery, in which were a number of bins of refuse from the presses.

Each man produced a packet of food. Denton had no packet. The manager, a careless young man who held his position by influence, had omitted to warn Denton that it was necessary to apply for this provision. He stood apart, feeling hungry. The others drew together in a group and talked in undertones, glancing at him ever and again. He became uneasy. His appearance of disregard cost him an increasing effort. He tried to think of the levers of his new press.

Presently one, a man shorter but much broader and stouter than Denton, came forward to him. Denton turned to him as unconcernedly as possible. "Here!" said the delegate—as Denton judged him to be—extending a cube of bread in a not too clean hand. He had a swart, broad-nosed face, and his mouth hung down toward one corner.

Denton felt doubtful for the instant whether this was meant for civility or insult. His impulse was to decline. "No, thanks," he said; and, at the man's change of expression, "I'm not hungry."

There came a laugh from the group behind. "Told you so," said the man who had offered Denton the loan of an oil can. "He's top side, he is. You ain't good enough for 'im."

The swart face grew a shade darker.

"Here," said its owner, still extending the bread, and speaking in a lower tone; "you got to eat this. See?"

Denton looked into the threatening face before him, and odd little currents of energy seemed to be running through his limbs and body.

"I don't want it," he said, trying a pleasant smile that twitched and failed.

The thickset man advanced his face, and the bread became a physical threat in his hand. Denton's mind rushed together to the one problem of his antagonist's eyes.

"Eat it," said the swart man.

There came a pause, and then they both moved quickly. The cube of bread described a complicated path, a curve that would have ended in Denton's face; and then his fist hit the wrist of the hand that gripped it, and it flew upward, and out of the conflict—it's part played.

He stepped back quickly, fists clinched and arms tense. The hot, dark countenance receded, became an alert hostility, watching its chance. Denton for one instant felt confident, and strangely buoyant and serene. His heart beat quickly. He felt his body alive, and glowing to the tips.

"Scrap, boys!" shouted some one, and then the dark figure had leaped forward, ducked back and sidewise, and come in again. Denton struck out, and was hit. One of his eyes seemed to him to be demolished, and he felt a soft lip under his fist just before he was hit again—this time under the chin. A huge fan of fiery needles shot open. He had a momentary persuasion that his head was knocked to pieces, and then something hit his head and back from behind, and the fight became an uninteresting, an impersonal thing.

He was aware that time—seconds or minutes—had passed, abstract, uneventful time. He was lying with his head in a heap of ashes and something wet and warm ran swiftly into his neck. The first shock broke up into discrete sensations. All his head throbbed; his eye and his chin throbbed exceedingly, and the taste of blood was in his mouth.

"He's all right," said a voice. "He's opening his eyes."

"Serve him —— well right," said a second.

His mates were standing about him. He made an effort and sat up. He put his hand to the back of his head, and his hair was wet and full of cinders. A laugh greeted the gesture. His eye was partially closed. He perceived what had happened. His momentary anticipation of a final victory had vanished.

"Looks surprised," said some one.

"Ave any more?" said a wit; and then, imitating Denton's refined accent, "No, thank you."

Denton perceived the swart man with a blood-stained handkerchief before his face and somewhat in the background.

"Where's that bit of bread he's got to eat?" said a little ferret-faced creature; and sought with his foot in the ashes of the adjacent bin.

Denton had a moment of internal debate. He knew the code of honor requires a man to pursue a fight he has begun to the bitter end; but this was his first taste of the bitterness. He was resolved to rise again, but he felt no passionate impulse. It occurred to him—and the thought was no very violent spur—that he was perhaps after all a coward. For a moment his will was heavy, a lump of lead.

"Ere it is," said the little ferret-faced man, and stooped to pick up a cinder cube. He looked at Denton, then at the others.

Slowly, unwillingly Denton stood up.

A dirty-faced albino extended a hand to the ferret-faced man. "Gimme that toke," he said. He advanced threateningly, bread in hand to Denton. "So you ain't 'ad your bellyful yet," he said. "Eh?"

Now it was coming. "No, I haven't," said Denton, with catching of the breath, and resolved to try this brute behind the ear before he himself got stunned again. He knew he would be stunned again. He was astonished how ill he had judged himself beforehand. A few ridiculous lunges, and down he would go again. He watched the albino's eyes. The albino was grinning confidently, like a man who plans an agreeable trick. A sudden perception of impending indignities stung Denton.

"You leave 'im alone, Jim," said the swart man. "Adenly over the blood-stained rag. "He ain't done nothing to you."

The albino's grin vanished. He stopped. He looked from one to the other. It seemed to Denton that the swart man demanded the privilege of his destruction. The albino would have been better.

"You leave 'im alone," said the swart man. "See? 'E's 'ad 'is lieks."

A clattering bell lifted up its voice and solved the situation. The albino hesitated. "Lucky for you," he said, adding a foul metaphor, and turned with the others toward the press-room again. "Wait for the end of the spell, mate," said the albino over his shoulder—an afterthought. The swart man waited for the albino to precede him. Denton realized that he had a reprieve.

The men passed toward an open door. Denton became aware of his duties, and hurried to join the tail of the queue. At the doorway of the vaulted gallery of presses a yellow-uniformed labor policeman stood ticking a card. He had ignored the swart man's hemorrhage.

"Hurry up there!" he said to Denton. "Hullo!" he said, at the sight of his facial disarray. "Who's been hitting *you*?"

"That's my affair," said Denton.

"Not if it spoils your work, it ain't," said the man in yellow. "You mind that."

Denton made no answer. He was a rough—a laborer. He wore the blue canvas. The laws of assault and battery, he knew, were not for the likes of him. He went to his press.

He could feel the skin of his brow and chin and head lifting themselves to noble bruises, felt the throb and pain of each aspiring contusion. His nervous system slid down to lethargy; at each movement in his press adjustment he felt he lifted a weight. And as for his honor—that too throbbed and puffed. How did he stand? What precisely had happened in the last ten minutes? What would happen next? He knew that here was enormous matter for thought, and he could not think save in disordered snatches.

His mood was a sort of stagnant astonishment. All his conceptions were overthrown. He had regarded his security from physical violence as inherent, as one of the conditions of life. So, indeed, it had been while he wore his middle-class costume, had his middle-class property to serve for his defense. But who would interfere among Labor roughs fighting together? And indeed in those days no man would. In the Underworld there was no law between man and man; the law and machinery of the state had become for them something that held men down, fended them off from much desirable property and pleasure, and that was all. Violence, that ocean in which the brutes live forever, and from which a thousand dikes and contrivances have won our hazardous civilized life, had flowed in again upon the sinking underways and submerged them. The fist ruled. Denton had come right down at last to the elemental—fist and trick and the stubborn heart and fellowship—even as it was in the beginning. The rhythm of his machine changed, and his thoughts were interrupted.

Presently he could think again. Strange how quickly things had happened! He bore these men who had thrashed him no very vivid ill-will. He was bruised and enlightened. He saw with absolute fairness now the reasonableness of his unpopularity. He had behaved like a fool. Disdain, seclusion, are the privilege of the strong. The fallen aristocrat still clinging to his pointless distinction is surely the most pitiful creature of pretence in all this claimant universe. Good heavens! what was there for him to despise in these men?

What a pity he had not appreciated all this better five hours ago!

What would happen at the end of the spell? He could not tell. He could not imagine. He could not fathom the thoughts of these men. He was sensible only of their hostility and utter want of sympathy. Vague possibilities of shame and violence chased one another across his mind. Could he devise some weapon? He recalled his assault upon the hypnotist, but there were no detachable lamps here. He could see nothing that he could catch up in his defense.

For a space he thought of a headlong bolt for the security of the public ways directly the spell was over. Apart from the trivial consideration of his self-respect, he perceived that this would be only a foolish postponement and aggravation of his trouble. He perceived the ferret-faced man and the albino talking together with their eyes toward him. Presently they were talking to the swart man, who stood with his broad back studiously toward Denton.

At last came the end of the second spell. The lender of oil cans stopped his press sharply and turned round, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. His eyes had the quiet expectation of one who seats himself in a theatre.

Now was the crisis, and all the little nerves of Denton's being seemed leaping and dancing. He had decided to show fight if any fresh indignity was offered him. He stopped his press and turned. With an enormous affection of ease he walked down the vault and entered the passage of the ash pits, only to discover he had left his jacket—which he had taken off because of the heat of the vault—beside his press. He walked back. He met the albino face to eye.

He heard the ferret-faced man in expostulation. "I reely ought t'eat it," said the ferret-faced man. "I did reely."

"No—you leave 'im alone," said the swart man.

Apparently nothing further was to happen to him that day. He passed out to the passage and staircase that led up to the moving platforms of the city.

He emerged on the livid brilliance and streaming movement of the public street. He became acutely aware of his disfigured face, and felt his swelling bruises with a limp, investigatory hand. He went up to the swiftest platform, and seated himself on a Labor Company bench.

He lapsed into a pensive torpor. The immediate dangers and stresses of his position he saw with a sort

of static clearness. What would they do to-morrow? He could not tell. What would Elizabeth think of his brutalization? He could not tell. He was exhausted. He was aroused presently by a hand upon his arm.

He looked up, and saw the swart man seated beside him. He started. Surely he was safe from violence in the public way!

The swart man's face retained no traces of his share in the fight; his expression was free from hostility—seen almost deferential. "Sense me," he said, with a total absence of truculence. Denton realized that no assault was intended. He stared, awaiting the next development.

It was evident the next sentence was premeditated. "Whad—I—was—going—to say—was this," said the swart man, and sought through a silence for further words.

"Whad—I—was—going—to say—was this," he repeated.

Finally he abandoned that gambit. "You're aw right," he cried, laying a grimy hand on Denton's grimy sleeve. "You're aw right. You're a go'man. Sorry—very sorry. Wanted to tell you that."

Denton realized that there must exist motives beyond a mere impulse to abominable proceedings in the man. He meditated, and swallowed an unworthy pride.

"I did not mean to be offensive to you," he said, "in refusing that bit of bread."

"Meant it friendly," said the swart man, recalling the scene; "but—in front of that blasted Whitey and his snigger—Well—I 'ad to scrap."

"Yes," said Denton with sudden fervor: "I was a fool."

"Ah!" said the swart man, jumping up with great satisfaction. "That's aw right. Shake!"

And Denton also rose and shook.

The moving platform was rushing by the establishment of a face molder, and its lower front was a huge display of mirror, designed to stimulate the thirst for more symmetrical features. Denton caught the reflection of himself and his new friend, enormously twisted and broadened. His own face was puffed, one-sided, and blood stained; a grin of idiotic and insincere amiability distorted its latitude. A wisp of hair occluded one eye. The trick of the mirror presented the swart man as a gross expansion of lip and nostril. They were linked by shaking hands. Then abruptly this vision passed—to return to memory in the anaemic meditations of a waking dawn.

As he shook, the swart man made some muddled remark, to the effect that he had always known he could get on with a gentleman if one came his way. He prolonged the shaking until Denton, under the influence of the mirror, withdrew his hand. The swart man became pensive, spat impressively on the platform, and resumed his theme.

"Whad I was going to say was this," he said; was gravelled, and shook his head at his foot.

Denton became curious. "Go on," he said attentive.

The swart man took the plunge. He grasped Denton's arm, became intimate in his attitude. "Sense me," he said. "Fact is, you done know 'ow to scrap. Done know 'ow to. Why—you done know 'ow to begin. You'll get killed if you don't mind. 'Oldin' your 'ands—There!"

He reinforced his statement by objurgation, watching the effect of each oath with a wary eye.

"F'r instance. You're tall. Long arms. You get a longer reach than any one in the brasted vault. Goblimey, but I thought I'd got a tough on. Stead of which . . . 'Scuse me. I wouldn't have 'id you if I'd known. It's like fighting sacks. Tisn' right. Y'r arms seemed 'ung on 'oaks. Reg lar—'ung on 'oaks. There!"

Denton stared, and then surprised and hurt his battered chin by a sudden laugh. Bitter tears came into his eyes.

"Go on," he said.

The swart man reverted to his formula. He was good enough to say he liked the look of Denton, thought he had stood up "amazing plucky. On'y pluck ain't no good—ain't no brasted good—if you don't 'old your 'ands."

"Whad I was going to say was this," he said. "Lemme show you 'ow to scrap. Jest lemme. You're ig'nant, you ain't no class; but you might be a very decent scrapper—very decent. Shown. That's what I meant to say."

Denton hesitated. "But—" he said, "I can't give you anything—"

"That's the ge'man all over," said the swart man.

"Who arst you to?"

"But your time?"

"If you don't get learnt scrapping, you'll get killed—don't you make no bones of that."

Denton thought. "I don't know," he said.

He looked at the face beside him, and all its native coarseness shouted at him. He felt a quick revulsion from his transient friendliness. It seemed to him incredible that it should be necessary for him to be inferior to such a creature.

"The chaps are always scrapping," said the swart man. "Always. And, of course—if one gets waxy and its you!" cried Denton; "I wish one would."

"Of course, if you feel like that—"

"You don't understand."

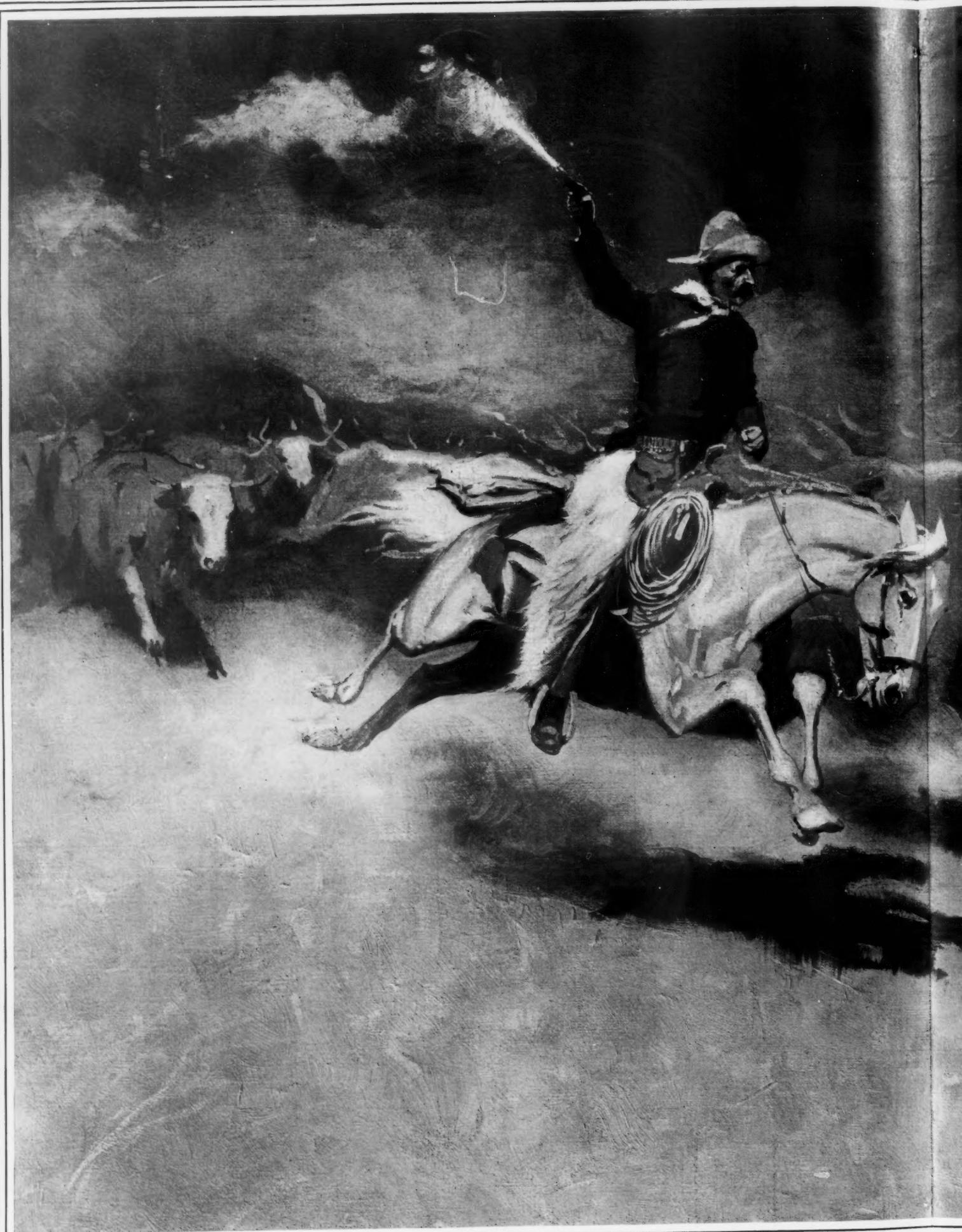
"P'raps I don't," said the swart man; and lapsed into a fuming silence.

When he spoke again his voice was less friendly, and he prodded Denton by way of address. "Look see!" he said: "are you going to let me show you 'ow to scrap?"

"It's tremendously kind of you," said Denton; "but—"

There was a pause. The swart man rose and bent over Denton.

"To much ge'man," he said—"eh? I got a red face . . . By gosh! you are—you are a brasted fool!"



“THE ROU

(See page 3)



ROUND-UP"

(See page 3)

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY

Frederic Remington

He turned away, and instantly Denton realized the truth of this remark.

The swart man descended with dignity to a cross way, and Denton, after a momentary impulse to pursue, remained on the platform. For a time the things that had happened filled his mind. In one day his graceful system of resignation had been shattered beyond hope. Brutal force, the final, the fundamental, had thrust its face through all his explanations and glosses and consolations and grinned enigmatically. Though he was hungry and tired, he did not go on directly to the Labor Hotel, where he would meet Elizabeth. He found he was beginning to think, he wanted very greatly to think; and so, wrapped in a monstrous cloud of meditation, he went the circuit of the city on his moving platform twice. You figure him, tearing through the glaring, thunder-voiced city at a pace of fifty miles an hour, the city upon the planet that spins along its chartless path through space many thousands of miles an hour, funkling most terribly, and trying to understand why the heart and will in him should suffer and keep alive.

When at last he came to Elizabeth, she was white and anxious. He might have noted she was in trouble, had it not been for his own preoccupation. He feared most that she would desire to know every detail of his indignities; that she would be sympathetic or indignant. He saw her eyebrows rise at the sight of him.

"I've had rough handling," he said, and gasped. "It's too fresh—too hot. I don't want to talk about it."

He sat down with an unavoidable air of sullenness.

She stared at him in astonishment, and as she read something of the significant hieroglyphic of his battered face, her lips whitened. Her hand—it was thinner now than in the days of their prosperity, and her first finger was a little altered by the metal pinching she did—clenched convulsively. "This horrible world!" she said, and said no more.

In these latter days they had become a very silent couple; they said scarcely a word to each other that night, but each followed a private train of thought. In the small hours, as Elizabeth lay awake, Denton started up beside her suddenly—he had been lying as still as a dead man.

"I cannot stand it!" cried Denton. "I *will* not stand it!"

She saw him dimly, sitting up; saw his arm lunge as if in a furious blow at the enshrouding night. Then for a space he was still.

"It is too much—it is more than one can bear!"

She could say nothing. To her, also, it seemed that this was as far as one could go. She waited through a long stillness. She could see that Denton sat with his arms about his knees, his chin almost touching them.

Then he laughed.

"No," he said at last, "I'm going to stand it. That's the peculiar thing. There isn't a gram of suicide in us—not a grain. I suppose all the people with a turn that way have gone. We're going through with it—to the end."

Elizabeth thought grayly, and realized that this also was true.

"We're going through with it. To think of all who have gone through with it; all the generations—endless—endless. Little beasts that snapped and snarled, snapping and snarling, generation after generation."

His monotone, ended abruptly, resumed after a vast interval.

"There were ninety thousand years of stone age. A Denton somewhere in all those years. Apostolic succession. The grace of going through. Let me see! Ninety-nine hundred—three nines, twenty-seven—*three thousand* generations of men!—men more or less. And each fought, and was bruised, and shamed, and somehow held his own—going through with it—passing it on. . . . And thousands more to come, perhaps—thousands!"

"Passing it on. I wonder if they will thank us."

His voice assumed an argumentative note. "If one could find something definite . . . If one could say, 'This is why—this is why it goes on . . .'"

He became still, and Elizabeth's eyes slowly separated him from the darkness until at last she could see how he sat with his head resting on his hand. A sense of the enormous remoteness of their minds came to her; that dim suggestion of another being seemed to her a figure of their mutual understanding. What could he be thinking now? What might he not say next? Another age seemed to elapse before he sighed and whispered: "No, I don't understand it. No!" Then a long interval, and he repeated this. But the second time it had the tone almost of a solution.

She became aware that he was preparing to lie down. She marked his movements, perceived with astonishment how he adjusted his pillow with a careful regard to comfort. He lay down with a sigh of contentment almost. His passion had passed. He lay still, and presently his breathing became regular and deep.

But Elizabeth remained with eyes wide open in the darkness, until the clatter of a bell and the sudden brilliance of the electric light warned them that the

Labor Company had need of them for yet another day.

That day came a scuffle with the albino Whitey and the little ferret-faced man. Blunt, the swart artist in scrapping, having first let Denton grasp the bearing of his lesson, intervened, not without a certain quality of patronage. "Drop is 'air, Whitey, and let the man be," said his gross voice through a shower of indignities. "Can't you see 'e don't know *ow* to scrap?" And Denton, lying shamefully in the dust, realized that he must accept that course of instruction after all.

He made his apology straight and clean. He scrambled up and walked to Blunt. "I was a fool, and you are right," he said. "If it isn't too late. . . ."

That night, after the second spell, Denton went with Blunt to certain waste and slime-soaked vaults under the Port of London, to learn the first beginnings of the high art of scrapping as it had been perfected in the great world of the underways; how to hit or kick a man so as to hurt him excruciatingly or make him violently sick, how to hit or kick "vital," how to use glass in one's garments as a club and to spread red ruin with various domestic implements, how to anticipate and demolish your adversary's intentions in other directions; all the pleasure devices, in fact, that had grown up among the disreputable of the great cities of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, were spread out by a gifted exponent for Denton's learning. Blunt's bashfulness fell from him as the instruction proceeded, and he developed a certain expert dignity, a quality of fatherly consideration. He treated Denton with the utmost consideration, only "flicking him up a bit" now and then, to keep the interest hot, and roaring with laughter at a happy fluke of Denton's that covered his mouth with blood.

"I'm always keeless of my mouth," said Blunt, admitting a weakness. "Always. It don't seem to matter, like, just getting bashed in the mouth—not if your chin's all right. Tastin' blood does me good. Always. But I better not 't you again."

Denton went home, to fall asleep exhausted and wake in the small hours with aching limbs and all his bruises tingling. Was it worth while that he should go on living? He listened to Elizabeth's breathing, and remembering that he must have awaked her the previous night, he lay very still. He was sick with infinite disgust at the new conditions of his life. He hated it all, hated even the genial savage who had protected him so generously. The monstrous fraud of civilization glared stark before his eyes: he saw it as a vast lunatic growth, producing a deepening torrent of savagery below, and above ever more flimsy gentility and silly wastefulness. He could see no redeeming reason, no touch of honor, either in the life he had led or in this life to which he had fallen. Civilization presented itself as some catastrophic product as little concerned with men—save as victims—as a cyclone or a planetary collision. He, and therefore all mankind, seemed living utterly in vain. His mind sought some strange expedients of escape, if not for himself then at least for Elizabeth. But he meant them for himself. What if he hunted up Mwres and told him of their disaster? It came to him as an astonishing thing how utterly Mwres and Bindon had passed out of his range. Where were they? What were they doing? From that he passed to thoughts of utter dishonor. And finally, not arising in any way out of this mental tumult, but ending it as dawn ends the night, came the clear and obvious conclusion of the night before: the conviction that he had to go through with things; that, apart from any remoter view and quite sufficient for all his thought and energy, he had to stand up and fight among his fellows and quit himself like a man.

The second night's instruction was perhaps less dreadful than the first; and the third was even endurable, for Blunt dealt out some praise. The fourth day Denton clanced upon the fact that the ferret-faced man was a coward. There passed a fortnight of smouldering days and feverish instruction at night; Blunt, with many blasphemies, testified that never had he met so apt a pupil; and all night long Denton dreamed of kicks and counters and gouges and cunning tricks. For all that time no further outrages were attempted, for fear of Blunt; and then came the second crisis. Blunt did not come one day—afterward he admitted his deliberate intention—and through the tedious morning Whitey awaited the interval between the spells with an ostentatious impatience. He knew nothing of the scrapping lessons, and he spent the time in telling Denton and the vault generally of certain disagreeable proceedings he had in mind.

Whitey was not popular, and the vault disengaged to see him haze the new man with only a languid interest. But matters changed when Whitey's attempt to open the proceedings by kicking Denton in the face was met by an excellently executed duck, catch and throw, that completed the flight of Whitey's foot in its orbit and brought Whitey's head into the ash heap that had once received Denton's. Whitey arose a shade whiter, and now blasphemously bent upon vital injuries. There were indecisive passages, foiled enterprises that deepened Whitey's evidently growing perplexity; and then things developed into a grouping of Denton uppermost

with Whitey's throat in his hand, his knee on Whitey's chest, and a tearful Whitey with a black face, protruding tongue and broken finger endeavoring to explain the misunderstanding by means of hoarse sounds. Moreover, it was evident that among the bystanders there had never been a more popular person than Denton.

Denton, with proper precaution, released his antagonist and stood up. His blood seemed changed to some sort of fluid fire, his limbs felt light and supernaturally strong. The idea that he was a martyr in the civilization machine had vanished from his mind. He was a man in a world of men.

The little ferret-faced man was the first in the competition to pat him on the back. The lender of oil cans was a radiant sun of genial congratulation. . . . It seemed incredible to Denton that he had ever thought of despair.

Denton was convinced that not only had he to go through with things, but that he could. He sat on the canvas pallet expounding this new aspect to Elizabeth. One side of his face was bruised. She had not recently fought, she had not been patted on the back, there were no hot bruises upon her face, only a pallor and a new line or so about the mouth. She was taking the woman's share. She looked steadfastly at Denton in his new mood of prophecy. "I feel that there is something," he was saying, "something that goes on, a Being of Life in which we live and move and have our being, something that began fifty—a hundred million years ago, perhaps, that goes on—on: growing, spreading, to things beyond us—things that will justify us all. . . . That will explain and justify my fighting—these bruises, and all the pain of it. It's the chisel—yes, the chisel of the Maker. If only I could make you feel as I feel, if I could make you! You *will*, dear, I know you will."

"No," she said in a low voice. "No, I shall not."

"So I might have thought—"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I have thought as well. What you say—doesn't convince me."

She looked at his face resolutely. "I hate it," she said, and caught at her breath. "You do not understand, you do not think. There was a time when you said things and I believed them. I am growing wiser. You are a man, you can fight, force your way. You do not mind bruises. You can be coarse and ugly, and still a man. Yes—it makes you. It makes you. You are right. Only a woman is not like that. We are different. We have let ourselves get civilized too soon. This underworld is not for us."

She paused and began again.

"I hate it! I hate this horrible canvas! I hate it more than—more than the worst that can happen. It hurts my fingers to touch it. It is horrible to the skin. And the women I work with day after day! I lie awake at nights and think how I may be growing like them. . . ."

She stopped. "I *am* growing like them," she cried passionately.

Denton stared at her distress. "But—" he said and stopped.

"You don't understand. What have I? What have I to save me? You can fight. Fighting is man's work. But women—women are different. . . . I have thought it all out, I have done nothing but think night and day. Look at the color of my face! I cannot go on. I cannot endure this life. . . . I cannot endure it."

She stopped. She hesitated.

"You do not know all," she said abruptly, and for an instant her lips had a bitter smile. "I have been asked to leave you."

"Leave me!"

She made no answer save an affirmative movement of the head.

Denton stood up sharply. They stared at one another through a long silence.

Suddenly she turned herself about, and flung face downward upon their canvas bed. She did not sob, she made no sound. She lay still upon her face. After a vast, distressful void her shoulders heaved and she began to weep silently.

"Elizabeth!" he whispered. "Elizabeth!"

Very softly he sat down beside her, bent down, put his arm across her in a doubtful caress, seeking vainly for some clew to this intolerable situation.

"Elizabeth," he whispered in her ear.

She thrust him from her with her hand.

"I cannot bear a child to be a slave!" she cried, and broke out into loud and bitter weeping.

Denton's face changed—became blank dismay. Presently he slipped from the bed and stood on his feet. All the complacency had vanished from his face, had given place to impotent rage. He began to rave and curse at the intolerable forces which pressed upon him, at all the accidents and hot desires and heedlessness that mock the life of man. His little voice rose in that little room, and he shook his fist, this animalcule of the earth, at all that environed him about, at the millions about him, at his past and future and all the insensate vastness of the overwhelming city.

THE END



TELL ME what your eyes have seen,
Nehop-hatsu?
In what past may you have been
Princess, and a priestess, too, Nehop-hatsu?
Was life in the land of Khem only what life is to-day?
Woe and pestilence to them toiling, faint, along the
way
(Here and there a crushed rose lay);
Feasting, pageantry, for those sheltered by high walls,
their dreams
Theirs, and all which man esteems,

BULAK

Except . . . except *what?* A dull
Want, indefinable; some
Felt it lying on their hearts; others named it, and cried
out.
All, all, rich, poor, wise man, fool,
Questioned clouds, the stars, the dumb
Sun, the very birds that fly.

Gods! Why am I here, and *I*?"



—This was life when Khem was new?
And the key that you have found, Nehop-hatsu?
In Thoth's hand you lay, unbound, future, past, were
clear to you.
Would, for us, the knowledge make
Time drag lighter? Mummy, take
But as jesting what I say! Hidden things we may not
seek,
Nehop-hatsu.
Priestess, princess, bit of clay, it is well you can *not*
speak.
AIMÉE TOURGEE.



"CUPID WITH THE ROSES"

CUPID WITH the Roses came
And cast 'round me a lambent flame
Of Love. The blossoms white and red
All fragrances commingled.
Now whether (this I cannot tell)
The sight more pleasant was than smell,
I but recall as showered down

The blossoms 'pon my hapless crown,
That I did bid him try his Art
Upon Cly'mnestra's marble Heart.
The Rascal smiled in scornful glee—
"Faint Heart," quoth he, "and Fair Lady,"
And with his slender Rose-wreathed Dart
He pierced anew my aching Heart.

—GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

LITERATURE

THE BASHFUL EARTHQUAKE AND OTHER FABLES AND VERSES. By OLIVER HERFORD. New York: Scribner's Sons.

For an hour of smiling ease after your day's strife with contumelious car conductors, obstinate balance sheets, and irritating telephones, take up Mr. Herford's little book of funny verses. But expect not to laugh as you did over the "Bab Ballads," or "Aspiring Miss de Laine," or Calverly's cleverness, or Carroll's classical nonsense. You will be reminded, however, of "Alice in Wonderland" by the poem beginning "You are old, 'Father World,' cried the graduate," by "Off with his head," in the "Lion's Tour," by Mr. Herford's drawings—the poet is his own illustrator—of a rabbit blowing a trumpet and of a weeping tigress, and by other representations of the animal world, conversational and pictorial. It may also seem to you that the author's ambition might have foregone his second variation on the keeping-the-wolf-from-the-door theme, that his pages pour cats and average jocularity, that

four or five of the poems were not worth his nor any one's trouble to write. But you will quickly acknowledge Mr. Herford's special and pleasing talent of the *jeu de mots*.

WESSEX POEMS AND OTHER VERSES. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is very difficult to name a saving grace in a set of poems devoid of color, delicacy, current, swing, music, or any kind of aesthetic beauty. These poems, by Thomas Hardy, are mostly as ponderous in language and sentiment as they are tortuous and inanimate in versification. They are full of stiff phrases and clumsy lines. We do not dispute the excellence of Thomas Hardy's prose, nor the philosophical import of his work, from the great "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to the small affair before us. But his mind is neither agile enough nor artistically sensitive enough to create good poetry. His own drawings, illustrating some of the present poems, bear out this estimate. We beg excuse from the unpleasant task of quoting an ugly series of unpoeticities, and prefer to say that "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's"—a dialect poem—and "Her Death and After" are probably the most commendable pieces in the book. The

first has sprightly good humor, and the other combines pathos with novelty.

RED ROCK. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Scribner's Sons.

Two or three generations must come and go before our Late Unpleasantness will be looked upon with equanimity by all Americans. "Red Rock" embodies the sentiment of those Southerners not yet reconciled to the new order. Mr. Page puts forth their feelings, which run high in himself, with a worthy self-control. There is neither malice nor evil-speaking in his book, nor any quarrelsome ness. He does not give himself up to controversy, but has chosen a much more dignified way of lamenting the Old South, and a more effective one. For, admiring the graceful Miss Thomasia, the chivalrous Dr. Cary, and that Steve Allen, who, being a gentleman, behaved like Don Quixote, must we not in some degree sympathize with the people among whom such types live? And if the romance "Red Rock" can ignite a spark of admiration here and start a flicker of sympathy there, why, then, Mr. Page may be a sort of conciliator in disguise.

LIONEL STRACHEY.



"NOAH'S ARK"—THE GUN-BOAT "MICHIGAN," THE MAN-OF-WAR THAT REPRESENTS THE NAVAL

POWER OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE GREAT LAKES, ENTERING ST. MARY'S FALLS CANAL

THE NAVY OF THE GREAT LAKES

Timid people are conjuring up fearful pictures of sanguinary naval strife which is to grow out of the controversy about arming the Chicago naval militia vessel, the *Prairie*, and turning her loose in Lake Michigan to wreak devastation at the summer resorts which dot the shores of that turbulent body of water. In the meanwhile, before hostilities commence, it is interesting to take a glance at the actual naval force of the United States on the great inland sea, not including the (at present) inoffensive *Prairie*. The coming invasion of Canada must of necessity fall on the antique *Yosemite*, which was sawed in two last summer by a benevolent government and sent to the naval militia of Michigan—the latter nailed her together and had lots of fun aboard; the fragile and no less antique revenue cutter *Fessenden*, which Detroit ferry-boats, to occasionally break the monotony of life, ran and try to sink; and, finally, the Noah's Ark of the Navy, the gunboat *Michigan*. As the latter craft will doubtless carry the admiral's flag in the event of a three-cornered strife between England, Canada and America, it is with her principally that we have to deal.

A clause of the treaty of 1818, between Great Britain and the United States, prohibits the increase of the naval force on the lakes by either power; and consequently the *Michigan* has been kept in commission until she is more than half a century old, and is about as up-to-date as the frigate *Constitution*. Like the *Con-*

stitution, however, she was a crack ship when she was built, and her advent made a great stir in naval circles. There was a grand celebration when she took the water, on the 5th of December, 1843; and the marine band journeyed by stage-coach all the way from Washington to Erie to take part in the ceremonies.

The *Michigan* was the first iron vessel on the Great Lakes—some say the first built in America. Uncle Sam seems for once to have been very enterprising, for the pioneer merchant ship of the lakes did not appear till nearly twenty years later. The plates for her hull had to be rolled in Pittsburg and hauled overland to the shipyard. Like most steamers of her generation, she is a side-wheeler; and her speed is only eleven knots an hour, less than half that of some of our salt-water cruisers. She is rated at 582 tons, and has a length of 163 feet and a draught of 9 feet. A writer in the year 1845 speaks of her armament as consisting of two guns on board and four on shore, and wonders what would become of her in the event of another war and the invasion of the lakes by a fleet of British ships entering by way of the Canadian canals. It is needless to say that she is guiltless of any protective armor. She formerly carried the spars of a three-masted ship, and for many years she was, in all probability, the only square-rigged vessel on the Great Lakes. Her old armament has also been discarded—the two guns on sea duty, as well as the four on shore leave—and has been replaced by a main battery of four 30-pound breech-loading rifles, a secondary battery of three 3-inch Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns, and a couple of Gatlings. Her regular crew consists of about one hundred officers

and seamen and fifteen marines, and every summer the naval militia of the various lake States goes cruising on her.

Of late years her principal duty, aside from drilling the militia, has been to furnish amusement for summer tourists, and to give them a glimpse of a real live man-of-war. Against a battleship or an up-to-date cruiser she would be almost as medieval, and about as effective, as the old stone fort on Mackinac Island would be in a sparring match with modern harbor fortifications; but she is a curious and in cresting sight, with her quaint, old-fashioned hull, gleaming white paint, and immense side wheels; and she attracts a great deal of attention as she goes poking around the fresh-water seas.

The treaty has not only prevented any increase in the naval force on the lakes, but it has kept the lake shipyards from constructing war-vessels for service on the ocean, and has thus been a great annoyance to builders, some of whom have wished to bid on government contracts and have made vigorous complaints when they have not been allowed to do so.

Sometime during the last session the question of building a modern successor to the *Michigan* came up in Congress, but the scheme was dropped. Perhaps it is as well, for the "ugly horned reptiles" of modern construction are less of a curiosity than the venerable *Michigan*, and it is exceedingly doubtful if any armed vessel will ever be needed on the lakes in any other capacity than that which the *Michigan* very well fills—to serve as a delight to the eye and a reminder of their boyhood days to the oldest citizens.

London Letter

LONDON, AUGUST 12, 1899

SINCE I HAVE never known a famous man who so disliked to have his goings and comings publicly mentioned as does Mr. Henry James, it is not without some trepidation that I venture to record in print any event of his daily life. Still, as he does not go to Italy every year, perhaps he will let me state that he has recently returned to England after several months of sojourn in that magic land. The so-called French Riviera is atmospheric if not geographic Italy, and here he was for a while the guest of Paul Bourget, a novelist renowned like himself. Monsieur and Madame Bourget (so well-known and popular in America) occupy during the winter term a villa at Hyères, not far from Nice. But in Rome, Naples, Florence and Venice, not to forget Asolo and other less important places, Mr. James had the pleasure of meeting numerous old friends. Many of these were associated with that prolonged early Italian experience which bore such fine literary fruit as "Roderick Hudson," "The American," "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Aspern Papers," and other shorter tales tinged, so to speak, with warm peninsular color. It was in Italy, unless I am wrong, that Mr. James laid the foundations of his future celebrity. While in Venice, this last time, he was a guest at one of the most beautiful palaces on the Grand Canal. Hither, one afternoon, came the Empress Frederick, with five or six gentlemen and ladies of her suite. She is undoubtedly the most thoughtful and cultivated of all Queen Victoria's daughters; and as Mr. James told me of his having held quite an extended little "audience" with her, it became easily imaginable that she found in the fascinating old palace one added pleasure wholly unforeseen.

The reported alliance between China and Japan is not here considered a matter of empty talk. England,

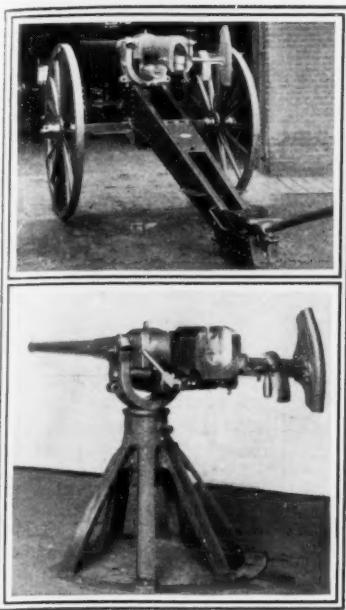
should any such treaty take definite form, would certainly feel some rather curious twinges. Though Japan has now raised herself, in the twinkling of a national eye, to one of the first fighting powers alive, she could do many things far less sensible than shake hands over the bloody chasm, as we used to say in the first years that followed our own civil war. Lord Wolseley, whose military views are always worth having, long ago expressed a dread that Mongolian millions might some day overswarm the West. It is said that the Chinese Dowager Empress applauds this idea. If she is wily and astute, as they represent her, why should she not? There would only be a couple of impediments to the consolidation of a warlike energy so colossal that Russia and all the rest of Europe might well tremble below their epaulets. Could Japan, with all her quick-grown forces of civilization, turn to practical use the dull-witted myriads whom yesterday she herself so brilliantly vanquished? Would she not be attempting a superluman task, too, in extirpating that popular hatred which yet rankles among her former foes? Literally, if she surmounted these two obstacles it would be the Orient defying the earth. Such a gigantic gauntlet would never before have been flung down. Is there a spear prodigious enough to pick it up?

The German emperor has one more grievance. Unfortunately, in this case, it is like a famine or a tempest; he can't punish it for *les mœurs*. He considers the conduct of his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, bewilderingly rude. It is not customary, among common mortals, to "teach their uncles" anything whatever; but William plainly burns to teach his that being his own subject on a principality not very much larger than our District of Columbia is an honor to crave with greed. Meanwhile the Duke of Connaught, who has an immense English position, does not wish to exchange it for a rather petty German one, even though grand-ducal. And so he hands Coburg-Gotha to the

little Duke of Albany, his nephew, as if it were a fat *marron glacé* from the family box of sweetmeats. And though William the Second (how it must bore him even to be called "second" in anything!) has scowled very darkly, the little duke's mother is overjoyed. Rather naturally, too, for though a member of the royal family she is not a prominent one, and is reputed by no means rich. It has often been stated (however true) that suicide was the real cause of her late husband's death in Cannes—suicide induced by frightful losses at cards. Young Leopold will, after all, become a sovereign, and the dignity inherited from his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, is one that hundreds of "royalties" throughout Europe would accept with rapture.

A protracted stay in London will nearly always convince any observing American that his own land is by no means pre-eminent in its passion for advertising. But I question if our Yankee ingenuity ever hit upon any such method, barbarous yet ludicrous, as the following little tale reveals: One day, in Calcutta, a criminal was about to be executed for some capital offence. While the doomed man was making his last terrestrial toilet, an Englishman, newly arrived, pleaded with his jailers for a few words of converse. This privilege was at length conceded. Nothing of the interview was audible, it is stated, except the culprit's parting words to his mysterious guest: "Remember, now: a thousand pounds to my heir!" After he had ascended the scaffold and all fatal preliminary rites were ended, the ill-starred wretch desired that he should be allowed to speak a few farewell words. Assent being given, he raised both arms and shouted forth with stentorian voice: "All you that listen, hear my dying statement: *The best coffee is the coffee of Messrs. Brown, Jones, Robinson and Smith, Calcutta and London!*" . . . Such, anyway, is the story, repeated with slight variations, as I have gathered it from journalistic sources.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



THE NEW RAPID-FIRE 6-POUNDERS, ON PARAPET CARRIAGE AND NAVAL MOUNT

TWO RECORD-BREAKING GUNS

THE REMARKABLE performance of the new semi-automatic Driggs-Seabury 6-pounder gun has attracted the attention of experts throughout the world. Sixty shots a minute is now the record for this calibre, the new gun having nearly doubled that of all others operated wholly by hand. Even in a machine gun, which fires only small arm ammunition, this speed would not be looked upon with contempt by an enemy; while the hurling of six-pound projectiles at the rate of one a second is almost phenomenal. The battles of Manila and Santiago demonstrated beyond peradventure the value of rapid-fire guns, for from them a perfect storm of shot and shell swept the Spaniards from their batteries and completely smothered their fire. And yet, I venture to say, there are comparatively few laymen who know what a *rapid-fire gun* is, and how it differs from a *machine gun*.

The 1-pounder is the dividing line between the machine and rapid-fire guns—all below this calibre belonging to the former class, and all above, including the 6-inch, to the latter. The machine gun may be defined as a weapon in which the essential operations pertaining to continuous fire are performed by machinery, while the rapid-fire gun is operated by hand and uses rapid ammunition, i.e., the brass cartridge case containing the powder charge and the projectile are all in one. The calibre of machine guns is generally .5 inch or smaller, according to the diameter of the barrel, while

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Of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

Without a Rival
FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

such as

Weak Stomach
Impaired Digestion
Disordered Liver
Sick Headache, etc.

IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.
Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

Beecham's Pills
Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.
25c. at all Drug Stores.

the rapid-fire guns are known as 1-pounders, 3-pounders, 6-pounders, and 15-pounders, all taking their names from the weight of the projectile, and the 4-inch, 5-inch, and 6-inch, so called from the diameter of the gun. Rapid-fire guns have hitherto required four men to manipulate them, and thirty-five shots per minute was the greatest speed that had ever been attained before. The new semi-automatic, however, with almost twice the rapidity of any other gun, requires only two men—one to throw in ammunition as you would shovel sand into a hole, and the other to sight and fire.

The navy was first to adopt rapid-fire guns in this country, and in 1884, they were placed on board the pioneers of the new navy—the *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Dolphin*. In 1893, the first competitive test in the United States was held at Sandy Hook between the Armstrong, Hotchkiss, Maxim-Nordenfeldt, Skoda, and Driggs-Schroeder, the last-mentioned gun being the victor. The new gun which has broken the world's record was designed for use on board ship. It is placed upon a naval mount, which gives it an effective all-round fire, weighs eight hundred pounds, and is nine feet long.

A strong steel spring and a small lug, attached to the end of the rock-shaft by which the breech is opened and closed, imparts the semi-automatic action to the piece. Upon the recoil of the gun, the lug moves to the rear and wedges a cam plate outward against the action of a spring. Upon the counter-recoil the lug comes in contact with the cam surface, rotating the rock-shaft which opens the breech block and extends the spring. The extractors, at the same time, eject the empty cartridge case and serve to hold open the breech. The rim of the new cartridge, as it enters the powder chamber, takes against the extractors and releases the breech block. This is moved upward by the force of the spring and closes the breech. By keeping the finger upon the trigger, the gun may be fired as soon as the breech is closed. This gives additional rapidity.

The other 6-pounder, which is mounted upon a parapet carriage, has been designed for the defence of the mine fields, and as such its sphere of action is to drive off torpedo boats or other light-armed vessels attempting to destroy torpedo boats defending the harbors. The object of the type is to permit the gun to be fired from behind a parapet with the same facility and rapidity as a 6-pounder upon a naval mount aboard ship, and yet to be readily unhooked and transported to any point where it may be desired to concentrate the fire.

The number of parts has been greatly reduced and simplified, now consisting of only ten; but as the firing mechanism can be removed and replaced entire, there are only six parts to be handled in mounting or dismounting. With its recoil top carriage, the gun is mounted upon a field carriage, having an adjustable spade at the end of the trail and an eye under the axle.

W. NEPHEW KING,
(Late) LIEUT. U.S.N.

Brain and brawn benefited with a tonic which aids digestion—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are noted for their digestive properties. All druggists.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

DON'T SEW ON BUTTONS!

Bachelor's Buttons made with IMPROVED WASHBURN PATENT FASTENERS slip on in a jiffy. Press a little lever—then they hold like grim death, and don't injure the fabric. Instantly released when desired. By all, 10c. each, catgut, twine, collar buttons and other useful novelties made with these fasteners, free on request.

American King Co., Box 53, Waterbury, Conn.

SMOKERS
please note!

In an emphatic way we wish to bring to the following facts to your attention.

The hundred-for-a-dollar short smoke

which, in the intelligent and honest sense of quality is the finest ever known to the United States,

Lucke's
Rolls

for pocket convenience are now put up in ten flat packets of ten each, 100 in a box.

Send us \$1, and we will forward you ten of these packets in their neat wood box, prepaid.

They are the only short smoke of actual character ever offered to Americans.

A Lucke Roll,
Exact size 4 in.

They have the true nectar flavor which the knowing smoker cannot mistake. They have the rich tropic taste which now-days is a surprise and a pleasure to find.

If you ever use any other short or "convenience whiff," just tear one open and compare it with a Lucke Roll. You'll see it is machine-made—short scrap-filler—bunched and choked draft—probably made of particles from the so-called "Havana," which is native-grown from Cuban seed—and being an unclimatic growth, is coarse and rank. Under different names that kind of penny cigar has been common in the U. S., for many years.

Then try a Lucke Roll. Open one and you'll see three long leaves of choice velvety tropic-grown stock, without a particle of dirt—cleaned free of every atom by dust-blowing machines before made. Smoke one and you'll understand what we're endeavoring to explain about the "character" in Lucke's Rolls.

A selection from this stock, we are also rolling up, in a five-inch full cigar-weight smoke called The Lucke Rolled Cigar, at 50 for \$1.25 and 100 for \$2.25. In the *satisfying* sense there is no difference between this cigar and the very highest values given you at 2 for 25c.

Remit price of goods only; we prepay delivery, also return charges if the goods are not satisfactory.

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Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.



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Antelope are found in North Dakota
Bad Lands; Deer in Minnesota and in the
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will describe the region. Send SIX
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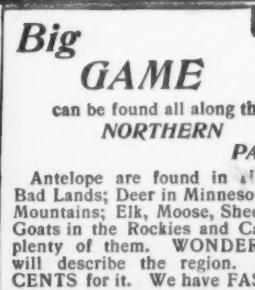
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There is much pleasure and money in it. For
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EASY HOME CURE, PAINLESS, PERMANENT. We will send anyone addicted to OPIUM, MORPHINE, LAUDANUM or any other drug habit, a TRIAL TREATMENT, FREE OF CHARGE, of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Containing GREAT VITAL PRINCIPLE heretofore unknown. REFRACTORY CASES solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially PHYSICIANS. ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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GREAT WESTERN Champagne

Pure, palatable, purchasable. No fancy price for a foreign label. Will be served if you call for it, at all first-class cafes, clubs, and buffets.

The present vintage is especially pleasing and extra dry.

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SOLE MAKERS,
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Every home should have **The Latest Improved Mechanical Folding Cabinet**. It has a door. It opens the several million pores all over the body, and keeps out the system from impure and poisonous matter which causes disease. Gives absolute cleanliness, and without any trouble, keeps the body healthy and vigorous. Will cure a hard cold and break up all symptoms of typhoid fever, rheumatism, etc. It is the only cure for pimples, blisters, and other disgusting sores and blemishes. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh and Asthma. **Price \$1.50 Extra.**

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OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 16 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1.3 Lebanon, Ohio.

SOME FAMOUS NEWSPAPER SCOOPS

ONE of the most potent factors in bringing about the present retrial of Captain Dreyfus at Reims was the startling publication of all the evidence given before the Cour de Cassation by "Le Figaro." According to newspaper parlance, this was a "scoop" of the first magnitude, and well worth the perfidy fine which was levied upon the publishers of the "Figaro" for their so-called indiscretion. How the news leaked out in this case has not as yet been divulged. Sooner or later the secret is bound to become known within French newspaper circles, just as similar English and American achievements have become the common property of the editorial profession. One of the most famous English "scoops" is that which is supposed to have furnished George Meredith with the plot for his "Diana of the Crossways." In 1845, when all the agitation was going on over the Corn Laws, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, declared that he would stand fast by them. Yet at the beginning of December of that year the "Times" created a sensation by declaring that the government was about to bring in a bill for their repeal. Everybody was astounded, and the feeling generally was that the statement was not true, and that the "Times" had been "had." Yet the accuracy of the report was very soon established, and then the question arose as to how the "Times" had found out.

Few people ever knew. The night before the "Times" made its announcement, a Cabinet council was held, and it was then actually decided to take the momentous step. When the members of the government separated, one of them, Mr. Sidney Herbert, went to dine with a Mrs. Norton, lady well known in society. The combination of a good dinner, excellent wine, and feminine beauty resulted in Mr. Herbert indiscreetly letting the secret slip from his lips. His companion made no remark, but as soon as opportunity afforded she got in her carriage and drove to the "Times" office with the news. Five hundred pounds was the price demanded, and it was paid.

THE REASON WHY

ARMY SURGEON: "You are standing at eighteen feet. Can you read these letters?" Recruit: "No, sir." Surgeon: "Approach two feet nearer. Now?" Recruit: "No, sir." Surgeon: "This is strange! Come four feet nearer. Now?" Recruit: "No, sir." Surgeon: "Most hopeless case I ever met. Stand four feet away from the chart. Can you read now?" Recruit: "No, sir." Surgeon: "Great Scott! Young man, you are the most remarkable case that has come within my experience. You conquer me. You may know more about yourself than I do. Have you any idea why you can't read these letters?" Recruit: "I never learned to read."

BOYS WITH WONDERFUL RECORDS

THE ASTONISHING record recently made by a boy cricketer calls attention to many other recent instances of boys who have astonished the world in one way or another. The Clifton College boy of fourteen has broken all the English cricket records of Ranji Sinhji by scoring the remarkable number of 628 runs and carrying out his bat. No other cricketer has ever come within 100 runs of the boy's total.

The young Cliftonian has a rival record-breaker in Texas, where a boy named Petmeky has recently astonished local sportsmen by his almost incredible shooting feats. The boy is the son of a gunsmith, and one of his favorite tricks is to snuff out a candle with a ball from his rifle at fifty yards' distance. He can hit the edge of a knife at the same distance, and can shoot a hole in a cent, and his latest performance is to throw a brick in the air, break it with one shot, and scatter the separate pieces as they fall to the ground.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE SEAT

THE OTHER DAY two young ladies hailed a street car in a large city, entered it, and found only standing room.

One of them whispered to her companion, "I am going to get a seat from one of these men."

She looked down the row of men, and selected for her victim a sedate-looking gentleman. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire.

"My dear Mr. Brown, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I must admit! Thank you, very much!"

The sedate gentleman, a perfect stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly rose, and gave her his seat, saying as he did so:

"Sit down, Mary, my girl. I don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired! How's your mistress?"

The girl got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

The Benedict
100 for \$1.00.

Do not judge the Benedict little cigar by any other little cigar.

All others were taken into consideration when the Benedict was first made, but none of them were imitated. They were very greatly excelled. And the Benedict is so good that the various brands of little cigars that have been subsequently put upon the market do not even approach it in quality.

It has clear Havana filler.

It is 3 3/4 inches long and affords as long a short smoke as you will care for nine times out of ten. And two Benedicts will be just right for the tenth smoke.

Send \$1.00 for 100—in a handsome wooden box. If you should not like them we will return the dollar.

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ATLANTIS

OGREAT Atlantis! Far and vast you gleam, Faint in a shadowy Past; above your shore The mists of mighty ages dimly lower And hide your wonders as within a dream. Softly your pearly mountain summits seem To settle toward the ocean's shifting floor, For man shall see your beauty never more, Save in a Hindoo seer's majestic scheme.

Would I could know the Past! O would my soul

Could view as in a silvery mirrored space All that the world has done, discern the goal At which pale myriads of mankind efface The remnant of their spirits' filmy grace And fade into the universal Whole!

FLORENCE BROOKS EMERSON.

HORSES FOR THE CAVALRY

TOGETHER with the new recruits for the Philippine campaign several shiploads of cavalry horses are now on their way to Manila. It is a source of wonder to many persons how cavalry horses are trained to become accustomed to fire and military life in general. Each horse for our cavalry service costs the War Department about sixty-five dollars in the initial stage. This is what the government paid for the unbroken bronchos that were acquired for the Rough Riders last year, and the enormity of this price was one of the standing jokes among the cowboys and horse men who served in the ranks under Wood and Roosevelt. The real value of the mounts was determined later at the government auction sales next autumn, when most of the horses were sold under the hammer for bids ranging from five dollars to seventy dollars. The average price fetched was twenty-five dollars, but even this was paid for sentimental reasons rather than for the actual quality of the horse-flesh. As a rule, though, most of the horses secured for the regular cavalry are worth their full price, and are apt to advance in value as they continue in service. Mares and stallions are barred. After a horse has been accepted for the service it is branded with the letters U. S., and has the same initials carved into one forward hoof. Then it is broken to the saddle at one of the government riding schools. Unlike the cavalry horses of other countries, our soldiers' mounts are ridden with but one rein and bit, and the saddles have wide hair cinches and leather-covered wooden stirrups, instead of buckled girths and open steel stirrups. When a horse has become trained to the saddle sufficiently well to refuse to shy at flags and jingling objects, it is put into squadron drills. The average horse takes to this very readily, following the lead of the old cavalry nags. Thus it is a recognized fact that most horses learn the different evolutions quicker than the men, and also know the meaning of the bugle calls better than their riders.

The most trying part comes when the horse has to make its first acquaintance with fire. However easy it has been to train up to this point, every horse becomes frightened when guns begin to go off. One plan adopted is to strap the animal down to a plank and fire revolver shots near its head, accompanied by the rattle of tins.

After a few weeks of this training shots can be fired with impunity near the horse's ear, and it will do little more than start. Then it is fit to be ridden in line under fire, and a month of such practice closes its military education. Such education once acquired is never forgotten by a horse.

ON THE WRONG TACK

IT was at the police court. A witness for the defense had been examined, when the complainant's lawyer stood up to crush him.

"Why did you hide Sullivan in your house on that Sunday night?"

Witness: "I did not see Sullivan at all on that night."

Lawyer (knowingly): "Will you swear your wife did not hide Sullivan on that night?"

Witness (hesitatingly): "Ye-es."

Lawyer (more knowingly): "Will your wife swear that she did not hide Sullivan in your house on that night?"

Witness (more hesitatingly): "Well—I don't—think—so."

Lawyer (triumphantly): "Ah! And perhaps you can tell the court how it is you can swear your wife did not hide him, while she cannot swear the same thing. Speak up now and tell the truth."

Witness (unhesitatingly): "Well, you see, I'm not a married man."

FUNSTON AND THE LOOTER

THIS STORY is told of one of the Kansas volunteers serving under Colonel Funston in the Philippines. His colonel, observing him one morning coming into camp with a fat Filipino game cock in his arms, halted him to inquire whether he had been stealing chickens.

"No, colonel!" was the reply. "I just saw the old fellow strutting along the nigger trenches, and I ordered him to crow for Old Glory. He wouldn't, so I arrested him for a rebel."



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is the plaint of the insomnia sufferer. Goes to bed, can't sleep, uses the cold water bag, counts to a thousand, tries every heard-of means of producing slumber without avail, rolls and tosses all night. That soon wears one out, shatters the nerves and in time breaks down the hardest constitution.

The Electropoise will cure insomnia—absolutely *curc*. We know it because it has cured thousands who were in that condition. It will cure you, as well.

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Insomnia.

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I have suffered for nearly two years from insomnia. I have tried all the baths of the sanitarium, massage treatment, and inhaling compound oxygen. None of these gave me any permanent help. When I began the use of Electropoise I soon fell asleep as though at any time. It helped me marvelously the first night, and there has been constant improvement of the whole system, so that I weigh more than ever before, have more vigor, and feel after three months as good as new. It has done wonders also for some members of my church.

J. N. SHORT,
Pastor Central M. E. Church.

The Electropoise Co., 202 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



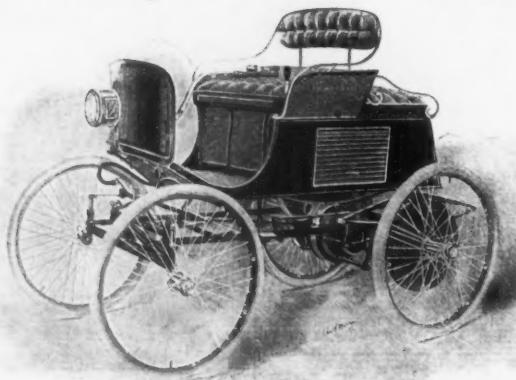
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KEEP THE SCALP CLEAN and save your hair with warm shampoos of **CUTICURA** SOAP, to be followed by light dressings with **CUTICURA**, purest of emollient skin cures. This treatment will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and produce luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, when all else falls.

Sold throughout the world. Price, **CUTICURA** SOAP, 25c.; **CUTICURA**, 50c. **POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.** "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

PHILIPPINE TROOPSHIPS

SINCE THE AUGMENTING of the Philippine army, transports are leaving San Francisco every week, and will shortly begin sailing from Seattle as well. Vessels carrying returning troops and invalided soldiers are also constantly making the port, and the spectacle of outgoing troops, trim, healthy and high-spirited, and incoming troops, weary, sick and dejected, is a familiar one to the San Franciscan public.

Midnight is the hour at which most of the transports now sail, probably as they want to lose as little time as possible, and, instead of waiting for the morning and sensational departure, weigh anchor as soon as they are ready. At midnight, on July 24, *The Tartar* sailed, and at the same hour, on the 26th, the *Ohio* and *Newport*, which had arrived a short time before, *The Tartar* carried several companies of the Nineteenth Infantry and two officers whose records in Cuba had made them men of mark. One of these was Captain Rowan, famous as "the fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you." Captain Rowan's exploit of carrying to Garcia the President's letter, which he wore wrapped in an oil-skin pouch and bound over his heart, was one of the most daring of the war. *The Tartar* also carried General Joseph Wheeler and his daughter, Miss Annie Wheeler, who goes to Manila as a hospital nurse.

On the same day that *The Tartar* sailed the *Morgan City* arrived, just one month from Manila. She carried the first large lot of sick and wounded, her passenger list including four hundred and fifty disabled soldiers. These were immediately removed in tugs to the new hospital buildings at the Presidio. Of the whole number one hundred and seventeen were suffering from wounds received in the field, one hundred from Mauser bullets. Running over the surgeon's list, it was interesting to note that of this one hundred thirty-one were of Funsdon's command. During the voyage three men had died, their remains being brought home for burial ashore. There was one case of insanity aboard, that of Sylvester Trobridge, Wyoming volunteer, who had succumbed to the hardships of war beneath a tropical sun, and one case of melancholia. The victim of this was Lieutenant Egbert, who had seen his father, Colonel Egbert, die on the field, and had been unable to recover from the shock.



A GROUP OF 19TH INFANTRY ON "THE TARTAR"



GENERAL "JOE" WHEELER AND MISS ANNIE WHEELER, HIS DAUGHTER, ON "THE TARTAR." MISS WHEELER SAILED WITH HER FATHER

A BURIAL FROM THE "OLYMPIA"

(See page 5)

TRISTE, AUGUST 1

OF ALL THE FUNCTIONS and incidents connected with the visit of Admiral Dewey to this place, the most impressive was the burial of Isaac Rask, able seaman of the *Olympia*, who was serving his fourth enlistment. When he left Manila the doctor had no idea that Rask would ever reach home alive. His pitiful plea that he should not be sent to the hospital at Corregidor, that he might accompany his comrades home, was readily granted. Men of his class have a warm place in the heart of the admiral and of all officers of the navy, who treat them with paternal care. Whenever they have finished an enlistment they say that they have had enough of the navy. They are certain that they can earn better wages and enjoy life more ashore. In a month, or perhaps less, they turn up at a recruiting station, tired of cheap lodging-houses, tired of soiled clothes.

In the early stages of the voyage, Rask had all the hopefulness of the consumptive. He spoke with the others of the good times he was going to have in New York. When he began to realize the truth, his comrades made light of his fears, and told him that he would feel better once he was in the Mediterranean. At Trieste he was so low that the doctor sent him ashore to the hospital so his last moments would be more comfortable.

Upon his death the *Olympia*'s flag was lowered to half-mast, and with it those of the Austrian ships in port, out of sympathy. All first class and special class men who wished were allowed to attend the funeral. All went. Besides, there was an escort of marines and the flagship's band. Rask's remains were laid in the little chapel of the hospital and wrapped in the flag, with a wreath from his fellows and a wreath from the admiral resting upon it. Before the escort arrived a number of people, as is the custom of the country, came in to gratify their curiosity and utter short prayers. While the appointed ones of the dead man's comrades lifted the coffin into the hearse and the wreath after it, and other Jackie stood just behind the hearse, our marines and their escort of Austrian marines stood in a flanking line the length of the roadway, and the band played the dead march.

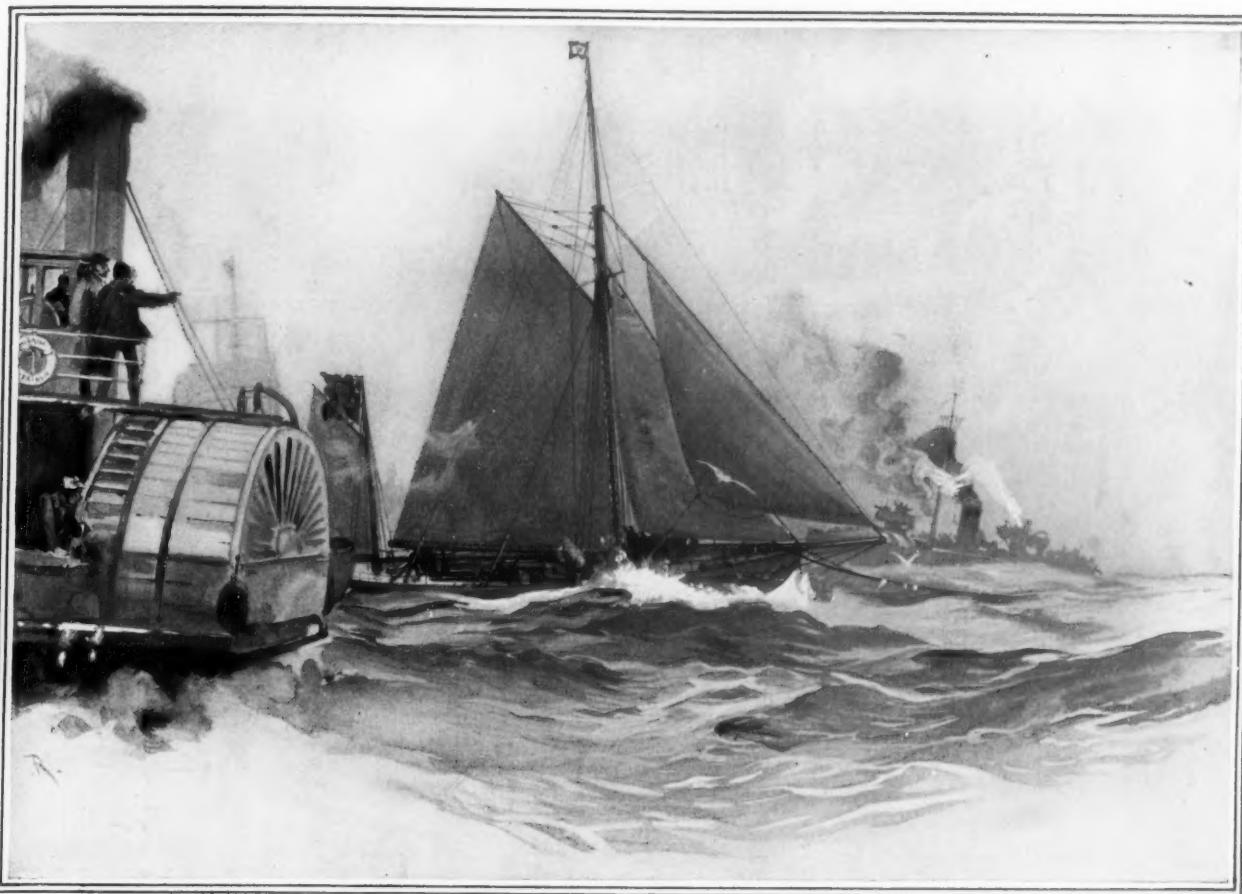
The Austrians are fond of a funeral, particularly of this kind. More of them turned out to see a sailor buried than to see a live admiral. The poor people who do not come down town lined the streets of the long march to the German Lutheran Cemetery on the hill. The simplicity of the little procession surprised them. There was nothing ostentatious except the tawdry old hearse. Everything went like clockwork, even as aboard ship. There was no hitch, no stumbling; every Jacky knew his place. At the grave the German Lutheran clergyman in broken English read the service. Bugler Mitchell, standing on the fresh earth, blew the last sad note in honor of his comrade. Lieutenant Nelson thrice gave the order to load blank cartridges and to fire; and the stern, sombre, and beautiful proceeding was over.

The crowd was still waiting outside the gates when the party filed out as quietly as it had come.

"Well, Ike didn't get home as he wanted to, but he died in a civilized country, anyway," I overheard a Jacky say.

"Kind o'-kind o' civilized," was the reply of his neighbor, as he looked around at the flat, dumb faces of the Slav and Dalmatian poor, which were in such sharp contrast to the keen faces of the Jackies.

FREDERICK PALMER.



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

**"SHAMROCK" STARTING ON HER VOYAGE TO THE UNITED STATES
TO COMPETE WITH "COLUMBIA" FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP**

THE CUP YACHT REGATTAS

The great international yacht race is becoming a reality in the eyes of yachtsmen. The British cup challenger *Shamrock*, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht *Erin*, sailed from Fairlie Roads for New York August 3, favored by fine weather and an easterly wind. The knowledge that the British cutter is on her way has spurred the efforts of American yachtsmen remarkably. *Shamrock* has been carefully prepared for her voyage across the Atlantic. She has been equipped with a fine deck and bundled up in bands and protecting sprays until she is crated like a bicycle about to take a railroad journey. Captain Hogarth and twenty-two of the crew are bringing over the yacht, while the rest of the crew will come by steamer. When last seen the British cutter carried all her jury sail and (an unnecessary precaution with so stanch a craft) an insurance at Lloyds' for two hundred thousand dollars. It is the intention of the owner to touch at the Azores before making the last stretch to the United States. Yankee yachtsmen are glad to know that considerable confidence is felt abroad that *Shamrock* will carry home the America's cup. It encourages wagers on the result. It is hard to see, however, on what grounds this confidence is based, when we consider the recent performances of *Columbia* and her coming antagonist. The story of our own yacht's performance is encouraging enough. The several match races sailed with *Defender* have clearly demonstrated the superiority of the new boat. However, she may find in the British competitor for the cup a foeman worthy of her steel.

While it is a fact that there was much disappointment at the non-appearance of *Columbia* in the race of August 5, off Newport, it is equally true that her absence created an interest in the old cup defender *Vigilant* that proved of great value in measuring the recent performance of *Shamrock* against *Britannia* in British waters.

Leaving *Columbia* — *pro tem* — out of the calculations, this race demonstrated the ability of *Defender* to defeat *Vigilant* thirty minutes forty-five seconds, actual time, over a thirty-eight and a half mile course, which is equivalent to *Defender* beating *Britannia* by the same margin, for it is generally conceded that, under equal conditions of wind and weather, *Vigilant* was always a match for *Britannia*.

The other yachts that started in this race—which was for cups offered by the Newport Yacht Racing Association—were *Syce* and *Kestrel*, and *Queen Mab* and *Carmila*. They sailed a course of twenty-five miles and a quarter.

Captain Rhodes of *Defender* took the lee position at the start on purpose to give *Vigilant* and *Navahoe* every opportunity to fight it out between themselves. The course for the big sloops was from Brenton's Reef Lightship to the buoy off Block Island, thence eighteen and a half miles to a mark off West Island, and a reach of six and a half miles to the finish. In the light southwest wind that prevailed, *Defender* weathered the first mark in six tacks, beating *Vigilant* seventeen minutes thirty seconds in this work, increasing it to twenty-five minutes in the run to the next mark, and five minutes more on the reach to the finish.

Between *Vigilant* and *Navahoe* the race, during the windward work, was very close for a time. *Kestrel* defeated *Syce* by twenty-five seconds, and *Carmila* was beaten by seventeen minutes fifty-nine seconds. *Vigilant* won from *Navahoe* by sixteen minutes fifty-three seconds. She allowed *Navahoe* one minute nineteen seconds. *Defender* allowed *Vigilant* two minutes twenty-seven seconds, and *Navahoe* five minutes forty-six seconds. Here are the official figures:

Start	Finish	Elapsed	Corrected
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Vigilant.....	12 00 00	5 44 51	5 44 51
Navahoe.....	12 00 00	6 05 03	6 01 44

**THE N. Y. YACHT
CLUB CRUISE** Departing from the old-time precedent of assembling at Glen Cove, the fleet of the New York Yacht Club made New London their place of rendezvous this year, and, judging from the large attendance, the new idea must have been a popular one. The oldest club members declared that it was the greatest muster of pleasure craft in the history of the organization.

It was not surprising that all New London turned out to see the start of the yachts on Monday morning (August 8), for it was a sight to inspire any one with a drop of sporting blood in his veins. Twenty-three schooners and twenty-four sloops made as fine a start that morning as one would see in years, the feature of it naturally being the skillful work of Captain Barr of *Columbia*, and Captain Rhodes of *Defender*, playing for a weather berth at the start.

Barr timed his boat so well that she crossed the line twenty-two seconds after the signal. *Defender* followed eighteen seconds later, possibly because Skipper Rhodes thought he could thereby luff out on *Columbia*'s weather quarter, and that's what he did. In twelve minutes, to the astonishment of all, the old sloop had passed the new one fairly and squarely, and was almost a length ahead of her. It was a short-lived victory, however, for before they reached Race Rock *Columbia* had passed her rival, and rounded that mark five seconds in the lead. Down the wind they went with spinakers set, *Columbia* only just holding her own by a few seconds when they luffed around the lee mark off Watch Hill.

Then came the battle royal to windward in a freshening breeze, and exciting work it was. As they passed Race Rock again on their way to the finish, in Gardiner's Bay, both were travelling at a twelve-knot clip, and *Columbia* was then three minutes thirty seconds in the lead. The last five miles of this race was a splendid test for *Columbia*'s spars and rigging, for her lee rail was clear under at times when the squalls struck her. *Columbia* won this race by four minutes one second. She outsailed the old cup defender *Vigilant* fifty-four minutes. The other winners included the sloops *Kestrel* and *Hildegarde*, and the schooners *Hildegarde*, *Alcova*, *Marguerite*, *Quissetta* and *Neva*.

There was a fine breeze from the west-northwest at the start of the second day's race. It shifted during the day, when the yachts were half-way on their run



PICTURE BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

THE CREW OF "COLUMBIA"



THE FLEET OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB IN NEW LONDON HARBOR

from Gardiner's Bay to Brenton's Reef, making a brilliant contest down the Block Island Channel to Point Judith, and from there to the finish.

Columbia and *Defender* had no windward position to fight for, so their start had not as much interest as usual. *Defender* got away fifteen seconds after gunfire, *Columbia* one minute fifteen seconds later. It took *Columbia* thirty-five minutes, in the light breeze, to pass *Defender*, and after that the yachts became so far separated—*Columbia* steering a much more southerly course—that they had the wind from different quarters at the same time, which accounts for the great lead secured by *Columbia*. By the time Watch Hill was abeam of *Columbia* she had gained two miles on the other boat, and at Point Judith she led by twice that distance. As a spectacle this was the finest run of the cruise. Fifty-four yachts—schooners and sloops—with spinnakers set, convoyed by half a hundred magnificent steam yachts, presented a picture that could not fail to delight the eye of either landsman or yachtsman, and make those especially proud who carried the pennant of the New York Yacht Club.

These two indefatigable racing schooners, *Anorita* and *Quissett*, had one of the best tussles of the cruise in this race. A lulling match they indulged in carried them miles out of their course, however, so that neither won in the class, and the prize went to a most worthy yacht, with a plucky owner, Robert E. Tod's *Katrina*. Clarence Postley's schooner *Colonia*, and the old cup defender *Vigilant*, now owned by Percy Chubb, did some excellent work in this run, outsailing all the rest that started with them, and having the honor of leading the entire fleet at the finish.

Columbia's win of twenty-two minutes twenty-five seconds over *Defender* would perhaps have been cut down about half if the yachts had steered similar courses.

The start of August 10, and the race which followed it, will pass into history as one of the most famous ever seen during a cruise of the New York Yacht Club. It was to be a reach of thirty-seven miles, from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Vineyard Haven. Dark clouds had gathered to the eastward, and there was considerable weight to the southeasterly breeze when the starting signals were given at 10:55 that morning. Then followed a start worth going many a mile to see. After *Vigilant*, *Syce*, *Gloria* and *Navahoe*—a famous quartet of sloops—had crossed the line almost beam and beam, followed by *Letania*, *Queen Mab*, *Saginaw*, *Katonah*, *Sister*, *Anusha*, *Hildegarde*, *Petrel*, *Hussar*, and *Mira*, and all within the time limit, the schooner signal was given. Some idea of the closeness of their start may be gathered from the fact that ten schooners actually crossed the line in one minute fifteen seconds, without fouling, in a fifteen-knot breeze, and so close alongside each other that not more than an oar's-length separated them in most cases.

That was a spirited start of *Columbia* and *Defender*, too. The latter got away first, crossing at about the middle of the line, sixteen seconds after the gun. *Columbia*, following twenty-one seconds later, secured the weather gauge. Those who then watched the greatest battle these two big sloops have yet engaged in found that it took *Columbia* just one hour and ten minutes to pass *Defender*, which meant nearly fifteen miles in distance; for when the day's run had been

figured out by the experts it was found that *Columbia*, having covered the course in three hours thirty-eight seconds, had averaged twelve and one-third miles an hour. She only won by one minute fourteen seconds, for *Defender* always was a good boat to reach. Both yachts carried club topsails from start to finish, cracking on sail until they were all awash to leeward, while

other craft were clewing down their working topsails. The old schooner *America*, that so gallantly won the cup in 1851, held her own with some of the modern craft in this race.

The next day's run, after a most dispiriting night of rain, was of little interest, from a racing standpoint, because of the variable winds and calms, and from the fact that *Columbia* obtained such a great lead that *Defender* did not finish the course. The course was from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford. The big sloops went outside around Vineyard Sound Lightship, the rest through Quick's Hole.

From New Bedford to Newport, the next and last day of the regular runs, there was a series of light winds and calms that brought out the light weather qualities of *Columbia* and *Defender* in smooth water. In the twenty-three mile run, with spinnakers set most of the way, *Defender* was beaten nineteen minutes four seconds.

The following tables show in detail the official times of the big sloops each day:

New London to Gardiner's Bay, 30 miles.			Elapsed Time
Yacht	Start H. M. S.	Finish H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	11 21 22	2 59 59	3 38 37
<i>Defender</i>	11 21 40	3 04 18	3 43 38
<i>Columbia</i> wins by 4 minutes 1 second.			
Gardiner's Bay to Newport, 43 miles.			
<i>Columbia</i>	10 56 50	4 24 17	5 27 27
<i>Defender</i>	10 55 28	4 45 20	5 49 52
<i>Columbia</i> wins by 22 minutes 25 seconds.			
Newport to Vineyard Haven, 37 miles.			
<i>Columbia</i>	11 20 37	2 21 15	3 00 38
<i>Defender</i>	11 20 16	2 22 08	3 01 52
<i>Columbia</i> wins by 1 minute 14 seconds.			
Vineyard Haven to Wilkes Ledge, 28 miles.			
<i>Columbia</i>	11 15 45	4 59 22	5 43 37
<i>Defender</i>	11 15 30	Did not sail full course.	
<i>Columbia</i> wins.			
Wilkes Ledge to Brenton's Reef, 23 miles.			
<i>Columbia</i>	11 36 04	4 15 02	4 38 58
<i>Defender</i>	11 35 45	4 33 47	4 58 02
<i>Columbia</i> wins by 19 minutes 4 seconds.			

To sum up the performance of *Columbia* during the cruise, it may be said that she has fully come up to the expectations of her designer, and that her managing owner is quite satisfied with her, for she has shown that in both light and heavy weather she is faster than *Defender* even with a pine mast. When the new steel mast is stepped again we may expect to see her at least two minutes faster than now.

One may form some idea of this annual gathering of yachts when it is known that there were at anchor in Newport Harbor on August 8 no less than one hundred and twenty-five steam, and one hundred and fifty sailing, yachts, the majority of which were flying the pennant of the New York Yacht Club—"the red cross on the blue."

To further understand the importance of the cruise it is well to know that the officering and manning of these pleasure craft require the employment of at least three thousand five hundred men, while the guests will number at least one thousand more, making a total of between four and five thousand persons afloat for a week, visiting, this year, New London, Newport, Cottage City, and New Bedford.

Columbia is full of promise and better performance; if *Shamrock* carries off the America's cup the cutter will receive all credit, but she has her work cut out for her.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.



"SYCE" AND "KESTREL" STARTING IN THE MATCH RACE OFF NEWPORT



THREE FAMOUS YACHTS IN THE MATCH RACE FOR THE BIG SLOOPS, OFF NEWPORT

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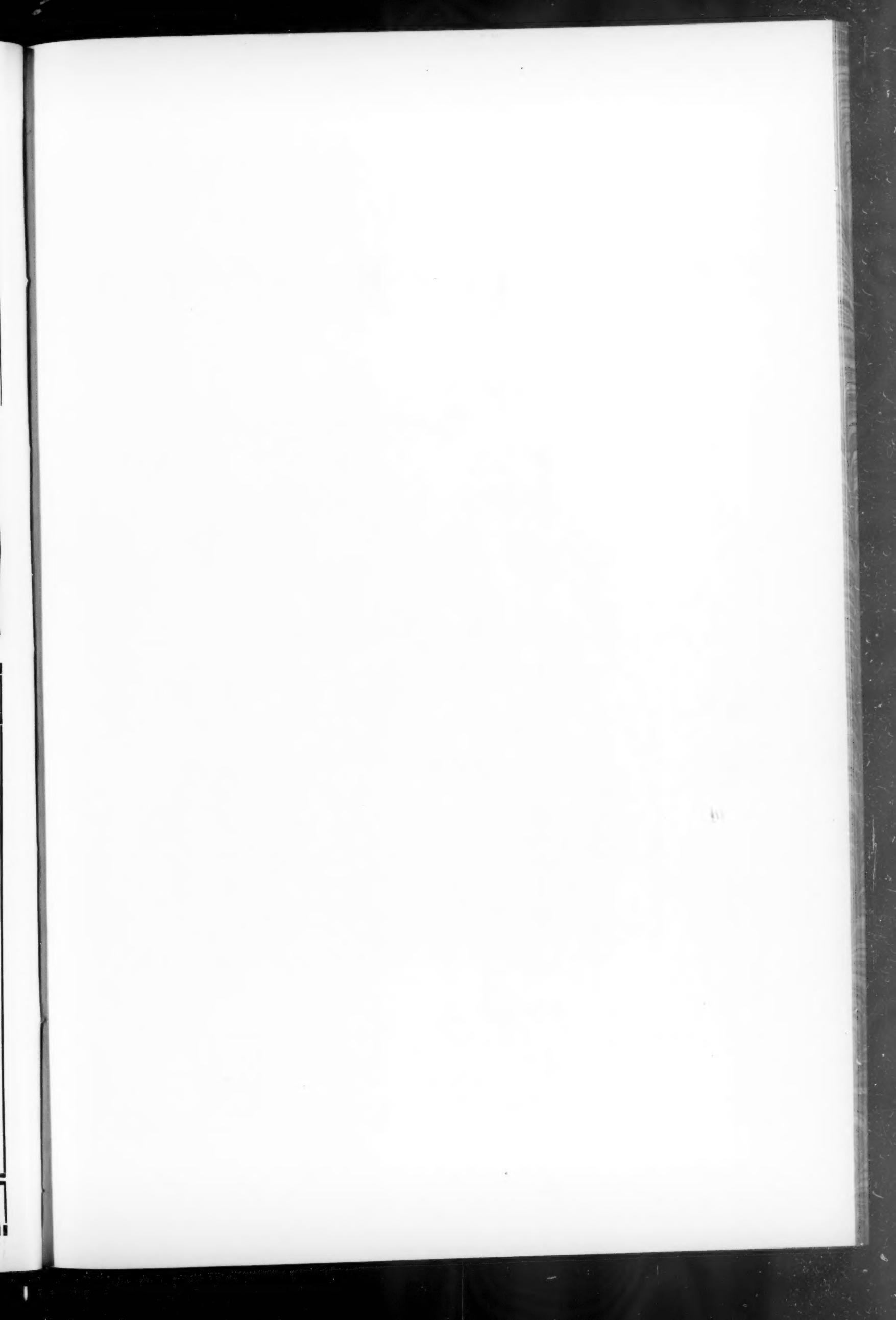
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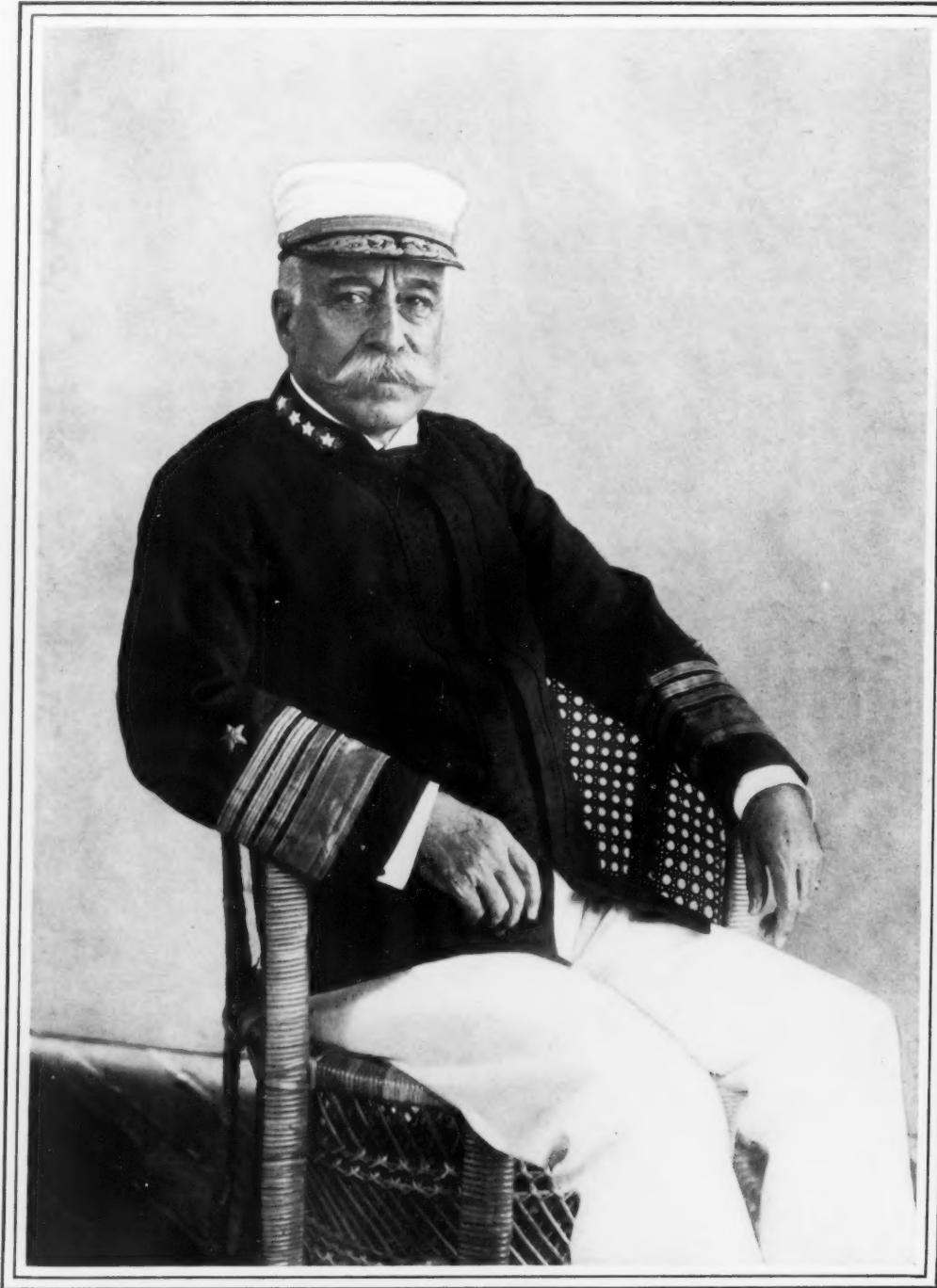
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SUPPLEMENT TO COLLIER'S WEEKLY, SEPT. 2, 1899



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